FRONTISPICE

THE WREATH.

A Curious COLLECTION OF NEW SONGS,

Including thoſe of

The BOTTLE, *and* HUNTING,

MIRTH *and* JOLLITY;

With all thoſe SUNG by

The moſt Eminent Performers,

AT

VAUXHALL, RANELAGH,

And all Publick Places of Diverſion,

Few of which are to be found in any other Collection yet publiſhed.

With an Alphabetical Contents,

For the more ready finding out each SONG.

Inflam'd by Muſick, Soldiers fight;
Inſpir'd by Muſick, Poets write:
Muſick can heal the Lover's Wound,
And calm fierce Rage by gentle Sound:
Philoſophy attempts in vain
What Muſick can, with Eaſe, attain:
So great is Muſick's Pow'r!

The FIFTH EDITION.

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THE

PREFACE.

OF all the Sciences, Muſick affords us the moſt exquiſite Delight. When the trembling Strings are touch'd by a HANDEL *or a* STANLEY, *all our Diſquietudes are loſt in Pleaſure: But when* MIRA *raiſes her harmonious Voice, and tunes ſome love-inſpiring Strain, our Souls partake of Raptures never before felt, and we are entranc'd in an* Elyzium *of thrilling Joy!*

Men are very rarely bleſs'd with Voices capable of affording any extraordinary Delight; yet many, by chuſing ſuitable Tunes, and obſerving proper Time and good Action, pleaſe even Perſons of polite Taſte, and heighten the Glee of the moſt jovial Aſſemblies.

I believe there are very few, if any, who are not Admirers of this ſublime Science: And, in ſhort, he who is not delighted with its Harmony, is not fit for the Converſation of Men. SHAKESPEAR, *that inimitable Poet, repreſents the Man abandon'd*

to every Thing that is Good, who is not mov'd by its powerful Charms.

The Man who has no Muſick in himſelf,
And is not mov'd with Concords of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems and Spoils.

Methinks, even uſing an Argument to prove the Efficacy of Muſick, in improving the Joys and heightening the Pleaſures of Life, to a People ſo polite as the Engliſh, *were like telling the parch'd Inhabitants in* Africa, *That the Heat they felt in that torrid Climate, was occaſion'd by the Sun, which they ſaw over their Heads.*

With regard to the Songs in this Collection, they are ſuch as have been ſung at the Theatres, the Publick Gardens, and other Places of Entertainment, by the moſt Eminent Performers, and have met with Approbation from the politeſt Audiences: And particular Care has been taken to inſert only ſuch as the moſt modeſt Virgin may ſing, without crimſoning the Cheek.

The Succeſs this WORK *has already met with, affords the* EDITOR *an infinite Pleaſure; and convinces him, that Mirth and Obſcenity are not ſynonimous Terms. He therefore takes this Opportunity of returning Thanks to the Publick, for its favourable Reception; and to aſſure them, that he ſhall eſteem himſelf happy, if any Thing in his Power can contribute to their Entertainment.*

The

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H E

THE WREATH.

SONG I.

DAMON *and* SYLVIA.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

DEAR *Sylvia*, no longer my Paſſion deſpiſe,
Nor arm thus with Terror thoſe beautiful Eyes,
Nor arm thus with Terror thoſe beautiful Eyes;
They become not Diſdain, but moſt charming would prove,
If once they were ſoften'd with Smiles and with Love,
If once they were ſoften'd with Smiles and with Love.

SYLVIA.

While I with a Smile can each Shepherd ſubdue,
Oh! *Damon*, I muſt not be ſoften'd by you,
Oh! *Damon*, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded Hour,
The Pride of us Women, unlimited Pow'r,
The Pride of us Women, &c.

DAMON.

Tho' Pow'r, my Dear, be to Deities giv'n,
Yet gen'rous Pity's the Darling of Heav'n,
Yet gen'rous Pity's, &c.
Oh! then be that Pity extended to me;
I'll kneel and acknowledge no Goddeſs but thee,
I'll kneel, &c.

SYLVIA.

Suppoſe to your Suit I ſhould liſten awhile,
And only for Pity's ſake grant you a Smile,
And only for Pity's ſake, &c.

DAMON.

Nay, ſtop not at that, but your Kindneſs improve,
And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love,
And let gentle Pity, &c.

SYLVIA.

Well then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my Heart,
And, if it be poſſible, grant you a Part,
And, if it be poſſible, &c.

DAMON.

Now that's like yourſelf, like an Angel expreſs'd;
For grant me but Part, and I'll ſoon ſteal the reſt,
For grant me but Part, &c.

BOTH.

Take heed then, ye Fair, and with Caution believe,
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive,
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive,
When once the leaſt Part the ſly Urchin has gain'd,
You'll ne'er be at Eaſe, 'till the Whole is obtain'd,
You'll ne'er be at Eaſe, 'till the Whole is obtain'd,

SONG

SONG II.

The LASS *with the* Golden Locks.

NO more of my *Harriot*, of *Polly* no more,
Nor all the bright Beauties that charm'd me before;
Myſelf for a Slave to gay *Venus* I've ſold,
And have barter'd my Freedom for Ringlets of Gold:
I throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my Flocks,
And will ſing of my Laſs with the Golden Locks.

Tho' o'er her white Forehead the gilt Treſſes flow,
Like the Rays of the Sun on a Hillock of Snow;
Such, Painters of old, drew the Queen of the Fair,
'Tis the Taſte of the Ancients, 'tis claſſical Hair;
And tho' Witlings may ſcoff, and tho' Raillery mocks,
Yet I'll ſing of my Laſs with the Golden Locks.

Than the Swan, in the Brook, ſhe's more dear to my Sight,
Her Mien is more ſtately, her Breaſt is more white;
Her Lips are like Rubies, all Rubies above,
Which are fit for the Labour or Language of Love.
At the Park in the *Mall*, at the Play in the Box,
My Laſs bears the *Belle* with her Golden Locks.

Her beautiful Eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my Joy, or ſhall weep for my Woe;
She ſhall eaſe my fond Heart, and ſhall ſooth my ſoft Pain,
While Thouſands of Rivals are ſighing in vain,
Let them rail at the Fruit they can't reach, like the Fox,
While I have the Laſs with the Golden Locks.

SONG III.

THE Charms of *Florimel*,
No force of Time or Art,
Shall ſever from Heart;
But ever to the World I'll tell,
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel.*

Each Rock and ſunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall ſay *Myrtillo* loves;
And Echo ſhall be taught to tell,
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel.*

Each Tree, within the Vale,
That on its Bark doth wear
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times, in Verſe, ſhall tell,
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel.*

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on it's bubbling Stream,
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And, as it rolls in Murmurs, tell,
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel.*

The *Sylvan* Gods that dwell
Amidſt this ſacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
While every Sound conſpires to tell,
The Charms of beauteous *Florimel.*

SONG IV.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If bitter, Oh! tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain;
Or grieve at my Fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain;

Yet

Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And, by paſſionate Silence, I make my Love known:
But, Oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is Beauty! how ſweet are the Charms!
How delightful Embraces! how peaceful her Arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to Love,
'Tis taught us on Earth and by all Things above;
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

SONG V.

A BURLESQUE *on the foregoing.*

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poiſon, Oh! tell me whence comes my Content?
Since I drink it with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo charming the Glaſs is, ſo deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known:
But, Oh! how I'm bleſt, when ſo ſtrong it does prove,
By it's ſovereign Heat to expel that of Love;
When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
And am wrapt in ſuch Pleaſures as ſtill want a Name.

SONG

SONG VI.

DEclare, my pretty Maid,
Muſt my fond Suit miſcarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Then ſpeak your Mind at once,
Nor longer let me tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Tho' Charms and Wit aſſail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to toy, and kiſs and play,
But do not chuſe to marry.

Young *Molly* of the Dale,
Makes a meer Slave of *Harry*;
Becauſe when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh Swain would marry.

Theſe fix'd Reſolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

SONG VII.

NAN *of the Vale.*

IN a ſmall pleaſant Village by Nature complete,
Of a few honeſt Shepherds the quiet Retreat,
There liv'd a young Laſs of ſo lovely a Mien,
As ſeldom at Balls, or at Courts can be ſeen:
The ſweet Damask Roſe was full blown on her Cheek,
The Lilly diſplay'd all its White on her Neck;

The

The Lads of the Village all ſtrove to prevail,
And call'd her with Rapture ſweet *Nan* of the Vale.

Firſt poor *Hodge* ſpoke his Paſſion 'till quite out of Breath,
Crying, wounds, he could hug her and kiſs her to Death;
And *Dick* with her Beauty was ſo much poſſeſs'd,
That he loathed his Food and abandon'd his Reſt:
But ſhe could find nothing in them to endear,
So ſent each away with a Flea in his Ear,
And ſaid no ſuch Boobies could tell a Love Tale,
Or bring to Compliance ſweet *Nan* of the Vale.

'Till young *Roger*, the ſmarteſt of all the gay Green,
Who late on a Frolick to *London* had been,
Came back much improv'd in his Air and Addreſs,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Succeſs;
He ſaid Heav'n form'd ſuch ripe Lips to be kiſs'd,
And preſs'd her ſo cloſe, that ſhe could not reſiſt;
He ſhew'd the dull Clowns the right Way to aſſail,
And brought to his Wiſhes ſweet *Nan* of the Vale.

SONG VIII.

In the Opera of ROSAMOND.

Set by Mr. ARNE.

IF 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
How much more to give him Eaſe?
When his Paſſion we diſcover,
O! how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!

This is doubly to encharm him,
Makes him proud to be a Slave;
What can more our Worth inform him,
Than to heal the Wounds we gave?

Thus

Thus the Warrior, fam'd in Story,
Leading Captive thro' the Field;
Juſtly merits double Glory,
Gently treating thoſe that yield.

SONG IX.

The BONNY BROOM.

HOW blythe was I each Morn to ſee
My Swain come o'er the Hill;
He leap'd the Brook and flew to me,
I met him with good Will:
I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
When his Flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me all the Day.
O! the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
Where loſt was my Repoſe,
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſo ſweet,
The Birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy Sheep ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody:
While thus we ſpent our Time, by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
O! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my Heart; cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard

Hard Fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain,
That ever yet was born.
O! the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
Where loſt was my Repoſe,
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ewes.

SONG X.

Blythe JOCKEY.

BLYTHE *Jockey*, young and gay,
Is all my Heart's Delight;
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night,
And all my Dreams by Night.
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis Summer all the Year,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jockey* met
Firſt, on the flow'ry Dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And Love was all his Tale,
And Love, &c.
"You are the Laſs, ſaid he,
"That ſtole my Heart from me;
"And look'd ſo ſweetly kind,
"That I my Heart reſign'd,
"That I my Heart, &c."

I'm

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
  Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when *Jockey* glooms,
  But when he ſmiles 'tis Day,
  But when, *&c.*
When our Eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What Laſs, that wou'd be kind,
Can better tell her Mind,
Can better tell her Mind.

SONG XI.

Haughty STREPHON.

YE Gods that round fair *Cælia* wait,
  From her bright Eyes to bring our Fate,
Bear to the Nymph my ſofteſt Sighs,
And tell her, her Adorer dies:
But if that won't her Pity move,
And ſhe, proud Thing, diſdains to Love;
Then let her know 'tis all a Lye,
For haughty *Strephon* ſcorns to die.

SONG XII.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

OH! *Phillis*, ſhame on you, to ſerve a Swain ſo,
  You promis'd laſt *Lammas*, you very well know,
If I'd ſtay but 'till *Chriſtmas*, our Hands ſhould be
    join'd,
And 'tis *Midſummer* now, *Phillis*; why ſo unkind?
  Why, why *Phillis*, why ſo unkind?

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

True, *Damon*, I promis'd, I own it——what then?
My Mind has ſince alter'd——how faithleſs are Men?
You vow'd to be conſtant, and yet t'other Day,
Who ſwore that young *Lucy* was ſweet as the *May*?
Sweet, ſweet, was ſweet as the *May*.

DAMON.

When *Phillis* grew coy, when ſhe left me forlorn,
And was ſinging to *Colin* beneath the green Thorn;
Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who was to blame,
If with *Lucy* I ſtrove to make *Phillis* the ſame?
Strove, ſtrove to make *Phillis* the ſame?

PHILLIS.

Like the Bee that goes roving to riffle the Spring,
You pip'd to each Damſel, to me you would ſing:
I lik'd the ſweet Lay, for I thought it ſincere;
But why does *Paſtora* ſo oft' drop the Tear?
Why, why, ſo oft' drop the Tear?

DAMON.

From my Heart, let me tell thee, I proudly eſſay'd
To conquer each beautiful, inſolent Maid;
The Garlands they wreath'd at thy Feet are reſign'd:
This, this is my Pride, then is *Phillis* unkind?
Then, then, then is *Phillis* unkind?

PHILLIS.

How frail the Diſguiſe a fond Lover wou'd try!
How weak the thin Snare, that the Soul would belye!
Hence, hence with Suſpicion, away from the Grove,
And prove at the Church that Truth waits upon Love;
Prove, prove, Truth waits upon Love.

BOTH.

BOTH.

Hence, hence with Suſpicion, away from the Grove,
And prove at the Church that Truth waits upon Love;
Prove, prove, Truth waits upon Love.

SONG XIII.

TOM loves *Mary* paſſing well,
But *Mary* ſhe loves *Harry*,
While *Harry* ſighs for bonny *Bell*,
And finds his Love miſcarry:
For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
Tho' *Mary* ſlights his Paſſion;
So ſtrangely freakiſh are the Turns
Of Human Inclination.

As much as *Mary*, *Thomas* grieves;
Proud *Hal* deſpiſes *Mary*;
And all the Flouts which *Bell* receives
From *Tom*, ſhe vents on *Harry*:
Thus all by turns are woo'd, and wooe,
Nor Turtles can be truer;
Each loves the Object they purſue,
But hates the kind Purſuer.

Moll gave *Hal* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous Folly,
Conſign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
It came again to *Molly*.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw People grummer;
If one has ſmil'd it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers hence, this Leſſon learn,
Throughout the *Britiſh* Nation,
How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern
To ſmile a Reformation:

And

And ſtill, thro' Life, this Rule purſue,
Whatever Objects ſtrike ye;
Be kind to them who fancy you,
That thoſe you love may like ye.

SONG XIV.

IF you my wand'ring Heart wou'd find,
That Heart you ſay is like the Wind,
That varies here, that wanders there,
To every Nymph that's kind and fair;
I ſay, if you this Heart wou'd find,
Turn to your own unſettled Mind;
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
In wand'ring conſtantly with thee.

How can it ſettle, when you fly,
And ſhun this faithful Votary?
It oft a Nymph that's fair doth find,
But never yet the Nymph that's kind:
If you wou'd fix this wand'ring Heart,
Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart;
But in the Pangs of Death 'twill prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.

SONG XV.

YOU tell me I'm handſome, I know not how true,
And eaſy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
That my Lips are as red as the Roſe-bud in *June*,
And my Voice like the Nightingale's ſweetly in Tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me muſt flatter me more,
But he that would win me muſt flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
Or prattles from Prudence, how wanting am I?

My Eaſe and good Humour ſhort Raptures will bring,
Amd my Voice, like the Nightingale's, know but a Spring:
For Charms, ſuch as theſe, then your Praiſes give o'er,
To love me for Life you muſt love me for more,
To love me for Life, &c.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
For *Chloe*, the Wanton, can rival me there;
'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
And brightens good Humour, as Sunſhine the Day:
For that if you love me, your Flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG XVI.

IN vain I try my ev'ry Art,
Nor can I fix a ſingle Heart,
Yet I'm not old or ugly,
Yet I'm not old or ugly:
Let me conſult my faithful Glaſs,
A Face much worſe than this might paſs,
Methinks I look full ſmugly,
Methinks I look full ſmugly.

Yet bleſs'd with all theſe pow'rful Charms,
The young *Palemon* fled theſe Arms,
That wild unthinking Rover,
That wild, &c.
Hope, ſilly Maids, as ſoon to bind
The rolling Stream, the flying Wind,
As fix a rambling Lover,
As fix, &c.

But hamper'd in the Marriage Nooſe,
In vain they ſtruggle to get looſe,

And

And make a mighty Riot,
And make, &c.
Like mad Men how they'll ſtamp and tear,
Awhile they'll ſhake their Chains and ſwear,
And then lye down in Quiet,
And then lye down in Quiet.

SONG XVII.

A LOVER's RESOLUTION.

AS *Cloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
I peviſh began, where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour;
You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis Four.
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals;
A Temper ſo heedleſs no Mortal can bear:
Thus far I went on with a reſolute Air.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, let a Body but ſpeak;
Here's an ugly hard Roſe-bud fallen into my Neck;
It has hurt me and vext me to ſuch a Degree;
See here, for you never believe me, pray ſee:
On the Left-ſide my Breaſt what a Mark it has made;
So ſaying, her Boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd;
That Scene of Delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot every Word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

SONG XVIII.

The SHEPHERD's INVITATION.

THE new-flown Birds, the Shepherds ſing,
And welcome in the *May*;
Come, *Paſtorella*, now the Spring
Makes ev'ry Landskip gay.

Wide-ſpreading Trees, their leafy Shade
O'er Half the Plain extend:
Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

Come, taſte the Seaſon in it's Prime,
And bleſs the riſing Year;
Oh! how my Soul grows ſick of Time,
Till thou, my Love, appear:
Then ſhall I paſs the gladſome Day,
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine;
When thy dear Flocks ſhall ſport and play,
And intermix with mine.

For thee of Doves a Milk-white Pair,
In ſilken Bands I hold;
For thee a firſtling Lambkin fair,
I keep within the Fold.
If Milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
Or tender Lambkin pleaſe;
My ſpotleſs Heart, without Deceit,
Be offer'd up with theſe.

SONG XIX.

JOCKEY.

I'LL ſing to my Lover all Night and all Day,
He's ever good-humour'd, and frolick, and gay,
His Voice is as ſweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play,
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

He ſays that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praiſes my Eyes, my Lips, and my Hair,
Roſe, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I ſwear:
And a bonny young Lad, *&c.*

He

He kneel'd at my Feet, and with many a Sigh,
He cry'd, Oh! my Dear, will you never comply?
If you mean to deſtroy me, why do it, I'll die:
I trembled all over, and anſwer'd, Not I;
And a bonny young Lad, &c.

Around the tall Maypole he dances ſo neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
He's conſtant, he's valiant, he's wiſe, and diſcreet;
His Looks are ſo kind, and his Kiſſes ſo ſweet;
And a bonny young Lad, &c.

At Eve, when the Sun ſeeks Repoſe in the Weſt,
And *May*'s tuneful Choriſts all skim to their Neſt;
When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love beſt,
My Heart is juſt ready to burſt from my Breaſt;
And a bonny young Lad, &c.

But ſee how the Meadows are moiſt'n'd with Dew;
Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you;
We live for each other, both conſtant and true,
And taſte the ſoft Raptures no Monarch e'er knew;
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

SONG XX.

LOTARIA.

VAinly, now, ye ſtrive to charm me,
All ye Sweets of blooming *May*;
How ſhould empty Sunſhine warm me,
While *Lotharia* keeps away,
While *Lotharia*, &c.

Go, ye warbling Birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye Clouds, the ſmiling Sky:
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me;
Softer Sunſhine fills her Eye,
Softer Sunſhine fills her Eye.

SONG XXI.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

FOrgive, ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do;
Permit me while I give my Song,
To give a Leſſon too:
Let *Modeſty*, that Heav'n-born Maid,
Your Words and Actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New Luſtre to your Face.

'Tis this which paints the Virgin Cheeks
Beyond the Pow'r of Art;
And ev'ry real Bluſh beſpeaks
The Goodneſs of the Heart:
This Index of the virtuous Mind,
Your Lovers will adore;
'Tis this will leave a Charm behind
When Bloom can charm no more.

Inſpir'd by this, to idle Men
With nice Reſerve behave;
And learn, by Diſtance, to maintain
The Pow'r your Beauty gave:
For this, when Beauty muſt decay,
Your Empire will protect;
The Wanton pleaſes for a Day,
But ne'er creates Reſpect.

With

With this their ſilly Jeſts reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
Who ventures to be rude:
Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall;
They ſully with a Touch;
And tho' you mean to grant not All,
You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
Expect the gen'rous Youth,
Whom Heav'n has doom'd her Heart to ſhare,
And bleſs'd with Love and Truth:
For him alone preſerve her Hand,
And wait the happy Day,
When he with Juſtice can command,
And ſhe with Joy obey.

SONG XXII.

LOVE *and* CONSTANCY.

LONG Time my Heart had rov'd,
Inconſtant as the Wind;
Each Girl I ſaw I ſwore I lov'd,
Till one my Heart confin'd:
The Maid was blythe, was young and fair,
From Affectation free;
No Imperfection did appear,
While ſhe look'd kind on me,
While ſhe look'd kind on me.

When her my Pain I told,
And all my Heart confeſs'd;
The Inſolence of female Pride,
Her cold Diſdain expreſs'd:

The Beauty I eſteem'd before
  Appear'd Deformity,
Each Charm I thought a Charm no more;
  She was unkind to me.

Fond Youth, forbear; no more
  The Sexes Weakneſs ſcan;
'Twas not Inconſtancy or Pride,
  But Trial of the Man.
When Time had prov'd my Flame ſincere,
  She own'd the ſame for me:
Not Love alone can win the Fair,
  But Love and Conſtancy.

SONG XXIII.

MUSICK *and* BEAUTY.

OF Muſick and of Beauty's Pow'r
  I doubted much and doubted long:
The faireſt Face, a gaudy Flow'r;
  An empty Sound, the ſweeteſt Song.

'Give me, I cry'd, the Verſe that warms,
  'Untortur'd into ſenſeleſs Sighs;
'And let me gaze on brighter Charms,
  'The painted Bow, or Ev'ning Skies.'

RECITATIVE.

'Twas thus I talk'd, and thus I thought,
  Moſt rationally wrong,
Till pow'rful Love *a Wonder wrought,*
  And thus ſubdu'd the Throng.

Her tuneful Voice *Nigretta* rais'd,
  And ſung ſo ſweet, and ſmil'd ſo gay;
At once I liſten'd, and I gaz'd,
  And look'd, and heard my Soul away.

To

To her, of all his beauteous Train,
This wond'rous Pow'r has *Love* aſſign'd;
A *double Conqueſt* to obtain,
And cure at once the *Deaf* and *Blind.*

SONG XXIV.

SYLVIA.

SAY, *Sylvia*, ſhall I ſpeak or die,
My Heart is burſting with a Sigh?
Let it have Vent; ah! hear the Plea
Of Love and ſtrict Sincerity.

The Swain who tells his Paſſion beſt,
Is ever thought to feel it leaſt;
Yet muſt my coward Heart begin,
For Silence ne'er can Beauty win.

It is our Duty firſt to ſpeak,
The Forms of nice Decorum break,
The Bluſh of yielding to prevent,
And from a Languiſh ſteal Conſent.

To wrack my Brain for Simile,
Or ſtrive to liken aught to thee,
Would Eloquence, not Paſſion prove;
Your Likeneſs would divide my Love.

Safe then the Lilly and the Roſe,
Since, uncompar'd, may Sweets diſcloſe:
If *Sylvia*'s conquer'd, it ſhall be
By Love and ſtrict Sincerity.

SONG XXV.

The ASS.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart,
While thus we ſit round on the Graſs;
The Lover who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs.

The Wretch who ſits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the Maſs;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himſelf,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd, &c.

The Beau who ſo ſmart with his well-powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in the Glaſs,
And thinks with Grimace to ſubdue all the Fair,
May juſtly be reckon'd an Aſs,
May juſtly be reckon'd, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam;
Of *Cræſus* the Wealth to ſurpaſs,
And oft while he's wand'ring, my Lady at Home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Aſs,
Claps the Horns of an Ox, &c.

The Lawyer ſo grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with Braſs;
Tho' he talks to no Purpoſe, he pockets your Fee;
There you, my good Friend, are the Aſs,
There you, my good Friend, &c.

The

The formal Phyſician who knows every Ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in his Claſs;
The ſick Man awhile may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Aſs,
But Death proves the Doctor, *&c.*

Then let us Companions be jovial and gay,
By turns take our Bottle and Laſs;
For he who his Pleaſure puts off for a Day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Aſs.

SONG XXVI.

COLIN's *Invitation to* CÆLIA.

ARISE, my *Cælia*; come away;
The chearful Spring begins To-day:
Bleak Winter's gone, with all her Train
Of chilling Froſt and dropping Rain.

Amidſt the Verdure of the Mead,
The Primroſe lifts her velvet Head;
The warbling Birds, the Woods among,
Salute the Seaſon with a Song.

The cooing Turtles, in the Grove,
Renew the tender Tales of Love:
The Vines their infant Tendrils ſhoot;
The Fig-Trees bud with early Fruit.

All welcome in the genial Ray;
Come, with thy *Collin*; come away:
Together let us range the Fields,
And view the Fruit the Vineyard yields.

There

There in close embowered Shades,
By purling Rills on rosy Beds,
Ne'er minding of the Noontide Ray,
We'll love the sultry Hours away.

SONG XXVII.

The FOND HUSBAND.

IN Days of old, as Poets tell,
That *Orpheus* went down to Hell
To seek his Wife, nor could he guess,
To find her in a likelier Place.
Down he went singing, as they say,
And trolling Ballads all the Way.
No Wonder that——the Reason's clear,
For then he was a Widower.

Timber and Stones with Speed did fly,
After his noble Harmony:
The self-same Thing I've seen befal
The woeful'st Scraper of them all.
To Hell he came, and told his Case,
Torment and Pain strait quit the Place;
Each Fiend was happy, when compar'd
With such a wretched, wedded Bard.

Pluto with his Request comply'd,
But him to these Conditions ty'd,
That he should take, but not look on her;
Both hard Commands to Man of Honour.
So on the loving Couple went;
He led her up the steep Ascent:
For when the Man does downward stray,
The Woman always leads the Way.

The

The fond Wretch turn'd his Head too ſoon:
If 'twas on Purpoſe, 'twas well done;
But if by Chance, a Hit indeed,
That did beyond his Hopes ſucceed.
Happy the married Wight that e'er
Once comes to be a Widower;
But twice of one Wife to get free,
Is Luck in its Extremity.

SONG XXVIII.

The DREAM.

COME, gentle God of ſoft Repoſe,
And lull my Soul to Reſt;
In thy Embraces let me loſe
The Pangs that wrack my Breaſt.
Ariſe, ye dear Deceits, ariſe;
And dreſs'd in *Damon*'s Form,
My long-expecting, wiſhing Eyes,
With his Reſemblance charm.

Thoſe melting Sounds ſtill let me hear,
Which did his Flame impart,
Which bleſs'd with Love my liſt'ning Ear,
And pierc'd my yielding Heart.
Why rove my Thoughts on pleaſing Cares,
Which only Dreams beſtow?
For, Oh! whene'er the Morn appears,
I wake to endleſs Woe.

The envious Light, from my ſad Eyes,
Drives ev'ry Joy away;
With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
And leaves me loſt in Day.
Since waking then I am diſtreſs'd,
And Pleaſure's fled with him;
If ſleeping I can ſtill be bleſs'd,
Let Life be all a Dream.

SONG XXIX.

DAMON *to* CELIA.

TO *Celia* thus young *Damon* ſaid,
" See here a moſſy Carpet ſpread,"
And then her Hand he preſs'd:
" Free from the World's enquiring Eye,
" Here lurks, my Dear, no buſy Spy;"
He look'd, and ſigh'd the reſt.

She ſtarted with a faint Surprize,
While Pleaſure ſparkling in her Eyes,
" Sure *Damon* does not mean:"
The Shepherd ſtopt her with a Kiſs,
And claſpt her panting Breaſt to his,
" My Dear, we are not ſeen."

Then by a thouſand Kiſſes more,
A thouſand tender Oaths he ſwore,
His Love ſhould never end.
She call'd on ev'ry Pow'r above,
None heard her but the God of Love,
And he was *Damon*'s Friend.

" And is there then no Help?" ſhe ſaid;
" By *Damon* thus to be betray'd!
Then hung her Head and bluſh'd:
" Oh! *Damon*, *Damon*, yet be good:"
The Shepherd ſmil'd, and ſwore he wou'd;
She ſigh'd, and all was huſh'd.

SONG XXX.

WOuld'ſt thou all the Joys receive,
That enraptur'd Lovers give?
Take a Heart from Falſhood free;
Take a Heart that doats on thee.

Nice

Nice Suſpicion's jealous Train,
Still creates the Virgin's Pain:
Then each timid Care remove;
You can ſmile, and I can love.

Bleſt with thee, profuſely gay,
Time ſhall wing his ſmiling Way;
Ever blooming Joys encreaſe,
Tranquil Liberty and Peace.
Oh! let Kindneſs rule thy Breaſt,
Smile my panting Heart to Reſt;
Sweetly ſmile, and thou ſhalt know,
We can make a Heav'n below.

SONG XXXI.

SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's Love to deny,
And *Peggy*'s uneaſy when *Harry*'s not by,
I'll own, without bluſhing, were all the World by;
And Willy's *the Lad, the Lad for me*;
And Willy's *the Lad, the Lad for me.*

He brought me a Wreath, which his Hands did compoſe,
Where the Dale-loving Lilly was twine'd with the Roſe;
Young Myrtle in Springs did the Borders incloſe;
And Willy's *the Lad*, &c.

"By Myrtle, ſaid he, is my Paſſion expreſs'd;
"The Roſe, like your Lips, in Vermillion is dreſs'd;
"And the Lilly, for Whiteneſs, may vie with your "Breaſt;"
And Willy's *the Lad*, &c.

Theſe Ribbons of mine where his Gift at the Fair;
My Mother looks croſs, and cries, "*Fanny*, beware:"
But d'ye think I regard her? Not, I, I declare;
And Willy's *the Lad*, &c.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I ſaw my dear Shepheard, how ſweet was his Look!
He ask'd for one Kiſs, but a Hundred he took;
And Willy's *the Lad*, &c.

I cry'd, "You're too rude," with affected Diſdain,
For early in Life we're inſtructed to feign.
He made me no Anſwer, but kiſs'd me again;
And Willy's *the Lad*, &c.

Then what can I do? Inſtruct me, ye Maids,
When a Lover ſo cloſely, ſo warmly invades,
Whoſe Silence as much as his Language perſuades;
And Willy's *the Lad, the Lad for me*;
And Willy's *the Lad, the Lad for me.*

SONG XXXII.

MUTUAL LOVE.

WHene'er I meet my *Cælia*'s Eyes,
Sweet Tranſports in my Boſom riſe,
My Feet forget to move,
My Feet forget to move:
She too declines her lovely Head,
Soft Bluſhes o'er her Cheeks are ſpread,
Sure this is mutual Love!
Sure this is mutual Love!

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliſs
Whene'er I ſteal a tender Kiſs,
Beneath the ſilent Grove,
Beneath the ſilent, &c.
She ſtrives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye;
Sure this is mutual Love!
Sure this is, &c.

And

And once, O! once the deareſt Maid,
As on her Breaſt my Head was laid,
  Some ſecret Impulſe drove,
  Some ſecret Impulſe, *&c.*
Me! me! her gentle Arms careſs'd
And to her Boſom cloſely preſs'd;
  Sure this is mutual Love!
  Sure this is, *&c.*

And now, tranſported with her Charms,
A ſoft Deſire my Boſom warms,
  Forbidden Joys to prove,
  Forbidden Joys, *&c.*
Trembling, for fear ſhe ſhould comply,
She from my Arms prepares to fly,
  Tho' warm'd with mutual Love!
  Tho' warm'd with, *&c.*

" O! ſtay, I cry'd, let *Hymen*'s Bands
" This Moment tie our willing Hands,
  " And all thy Fears remove,
  " And all thy Fears remove."
A modeſt Bluſh Conſent expreſs'd,
And now we live ſupremely bleſs'd,
  A Life of mutual Love,
  A Life of mutual Love.

SONG XXXIII.

YOung *Strephon*, a Shepherd, the Pride of the Plain,
  Each Day is attempting my Kindneſs to gain;
He takes all Occaſions his Flame to renew;
I always reply, that his Courting won't do.

He ſpares no rich Preſents to make me more kind,
And exhauſts, in my Praiſe, all the Wit of his Mind:
I ſay I'm engag'd, and I wiſh him to go:
He asks me ſo oft, that I rudely ſay, No.

To *Thyrſis*, laſt *Valentine*'s Day, the dear Youth,
I tell him I plighted my Faith and my Truth;
That Wealth cannot Peace and Contentment beſtow,
And my Heart is another's, ſo beg he will go.

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,
And the Heart that is honeſt can never be ſold;
That I ſigh not for Grandeur, but look down on Show,
And to *Thyrſis* muſt haſten, nor anſwer him, No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
If his Suit I prefer not he inſtantly dies:
He gives me his Hand, and would force me to go;
I pity his Sufferings, but boldly ſay, No.

I try to avoid him, in hopes of ſweet Peace,
He haunts me each Moment to make me ſay, Yes:
But To-morrow, ye Fair Ones, with *Thyrſis* I go,
And truſt me, at Church, that I will not ſay, No.

SONG XXXIV.

PHILLIS's COMPLAINT.

YE Warblers, while *Strephon* I moan,
To chear me your Harmony bring;
Unleſs, ſince my Shepherd is gone,
You ceaſe, like poor *Phillis*, to ſing.
Each Flower declines it's ſweet Head,
Nor Odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry ſoft Lamb on the Mead
Seems kindly to pity my Woe.

Each rural Amuſement I try
In vain, to reſtore my paſt Eaſe;
What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,
Has now loſt the Power to pleaſe.

Ye

Ye Seaſons, that brighten the Groves,
Not long for your Abſence we mourn;
But *Strephon* neglects me, and roves;
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
And ſweet as all Flowers combin'd;
His Smiles, like the Summer, can chear;
Ah! why then, like Winter, unkind:
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

SONG XXXV.

YOUNG *Collin* was the bonnieſt Swain,
That ever pip'd on flow'ry Plain,
Or danc'd upon the Lee:
The wanton Kid with gameſome Bound,
That frolicks o'er the turfy Ground,
Was ne'er ſo blythe as he.

Beneath the Oak, in yonder Dale,
You'd think you heard the Nightingale
When e'er he rais'd his Voice:
But, ah! the Swain was all Deceit,
His Vows, his Oaths, were all a Cheat,
And Choice ſucceeded Choice.

The Maidens ſung, in Willow Groves,
Of *Collin*'s falſe and perjur'd Loves;
Here *Jenny* told her Woes:
And *Moggy*'s Tears encreas'd the Brook,
Whoſe Cheeks like dying Lillies look,
That once out-bluſh'd the Roſe.

Unhappy

Unhappy Fair, my Words believe,
So ſhall no Swain your Hopes deceive,
And leave ye to deſpair:
Ere he diſcloſe his fickle Mind,
Change firſt yourſelves; for, Ah! you'll find
False *Collins* ev'ry where.

SONG XXXVI.

The REASONABLE LOVER.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
The Form of a *Venus*, with *Pallas*'s Mind:
Let the Girl that I love have but Prudence in View,
That, tho' ſhe deceive, I may ſtill think her true.
Be her Perſon not beauteous, but pleaſing and clean;
Let her Temper be cloudleſs, and open her Mien;
By Folly, ill Nature, or Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint, for White or for Red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in moſt of the Sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex:
Let her not be to bold, nor frown at a Jeſt,
For Prudes I deſpiſe, and Coquets I deteſt:
May her Humour the Taſte of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wiſe, or too pert with her Wit;
Go find out the Fair that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever, I mean if I can.

SONG XXXVII.

NANNY *of the Hill.*

ASſiſt me ev'ry tuneful Bard,
Oh! lend me all your Skill,
In choiceſt Lays that I may praiſe
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill;
Sweet *Nanny*, dear *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

How

How gay the glittering Beam of Morn
That gilds the cryſtal Rill?
But far more bright than Morning Light
Shines *Nanny* of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny*, ſhines *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

The gayeſt Flow'r, ſo fair of late,
The Ev'ning Damps will kill;
But ev'ry Day more freſh and gay
Blooms *Nanny* of the Hill;
Sweet *Nanny*, blooms *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

Old Time arreſts his rapid Flight,
And keeps his Motion ſtill,
Reſolv'd to ſpare a Face ſo fair
As *Nanny*'s of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny*'s, ſweet *Nanny*'s,
Dear *Nanny*'s of the Hill.

To form my Charmer Nature has
Exerted all her Skill;
With Beauty, Truth, and roſy Youth,
Deck'd *Nanny* of the Hill;
Deck'd *Nanny*, ſweet *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

And now around the feſtive Board
The jovial Bumpers fill;
Each take his Glaſs to my dear Laſs
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill;
Dear *Nanny*, ſweet *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

SONG

SONG XXXVIII.

TELL me, Pride of this Creation,
Are thy Paſſions all at Reſt;
Feel'ſt thou no fond Palpitation,
Like the panting in my Breaſt,
Too tender far to be expreſt.
Tell me, *Celia*, tell my Fate;
Doſt thou love? or doſt thou hate?
Sweetly ſmile, with Approbation,
Leſt thou kill with the Relation:
See me ſighing,
See me dying,
To enjoy thy matchleſs Charms:
O! take me, take me to thy Arms.

Kindly, *Celia*, leave Evaſion:
Why that Bluſh? thoſe down-caſt Eyes?
Yield thee, Love, to ſoft Perſuaſion,
On thy Breaſt alone he lies,
To ſave the Wretch who fondly dies.
Heav'n! what rapt'rous Scenes appear!
See the undiſſembled Tear!
Each dear Nerve with Tremor thrilling,
And her Eyes, how ſoftly killing!
Sweet Confeſſion;
Paſt Expreſſion:
Grateful may I live to prove,
How much I doat, how much I love.

SONG XXXIX.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine,
But Oh! they're vain and idly gaudie;
How much unlike that graceful Mien,
And manly Looks of my *Highland* Laddie.

O my

O my bonny Highland *Laddie,*
My handſome, ſmiling Highland *Laddie;*
May Heav'n ſtill guard, and Love reward,
The Lawland *Laſs and her* Highland *Laddie.*

If I were free at Will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt *Lawland* Laidy,
I'd take young *Donald* in his Trews,
With Bonnet blue and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braveſt Beau in *Burrows-Town*,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready;
Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er *Benty-Hills* with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* Kin and Daddy;
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a *Lawland* Laird and Laidy;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a Buſh in's *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between as paſs,
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Laſs,
Syn rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heav'n preſerves my *Highland* Laddie.

O my

O my bonny Highland *Laddie,*
My handſome, ſmiling Highland *Laddie* ;
May Heav'n ſtill guard, and Love reward,
The Lawland *Laſs and her* Highland *Laddie.*

SONG XL.

The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE *Lawland* Maids go ſpruce and fine,
But oft they're ſow'r and pertly ſawcy ;
So proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd *Highland* Laſſie.
O my bonny Highland *Laſſie,*
My hearty, ſmiling Highland *Laſſie* ;
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

'Fore any Laſs in *Burrows-Town,*
Who makes her Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd take my *Katie* with one Gown,
Bare-footed in her little Coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom
And Berries ripe, invite my Treaſure ;
Enamell'd Flowers breathe Perfume,
And court my Love to rural Pleaſure.
O my bonny, &c.

Come, lovely *Katie,* come away,
We'll chearful range the flow'ry Meadows ;
Thy Smiles ſhall gild each live-long Day,
And Love and Truth for ever bed us.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath

Beneath the Brier, or Birken Buſh,
Whene'er I court, or kiſs my Beauty,
Happy and blythe as one would wiſh,
My flutt'ring Heart goes pitty-patty.
O my bonny Highland *Laſſie,*
My hearty, ſmiling Highland *Laſſie* ;
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

SONG XLI.

My PEGGIE, *if thou die.*

LOVE never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fixt on thee ;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggie*, if thou die
Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
Thy Love's ſo true to me ;
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My *Peggie*, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
How lonely ſhall I ſtray ?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day :
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee ;
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
My *Peggie*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart,
With *Cupid*'s raving Rage ;
But thine, which can ſuch Sweets impart,
Muſt all the World engage :

'Twas theſe that, like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Love to me;
And, when it's deſtin'd Day is done,
With *Peggie* let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that ſmile on virtuous Love,
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare;
You, who it's faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair:
Reſtore my *Peggie*'s wonted Charms,
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from thoſe Arms:
I'm loſt, if *Peggie* die.

SONG XLII.

AS *Damon* and *Phillis* were tending their Sheep,
The Swain on a Cock of new Hay fell aſleep;
The Nymph, in a Frolick, ſtepp'd behind an Oak,
T'obſerve how young *Damon* would ſeem when he 'woke:
Not long ſhe'd been there e'er the Swain ope'd his Eyes;
And, not ſeeing *Phillis*, was ſtruck with Surprize;
He ſnatch'd up his Crook, and ran wild o'er the Plain,
And thus he enquir'd of each Nymph and Swain:

Have ye ſeen e'er a Shepherdeſs tripping this Way,
As blythe as the Spring, and as bright as the Day,
In ruſſet Apparel, yet grand in her Mien,
Reſembling, in Beauty, the fam'd *Cyprian* Queen:
Two Lambkins, Milk-white as her Boſom, I'll give,
Let me but ſome Tydings of *Phillis* receive;
And, if ye ask more, be ſo generous, ye Swains,
Reſtore me the Nymph ye ſhall kiſs for your Pains.

Thus

Thus he ſpoke, but no Tydings of *Phillis* cou'd hear,
Then back to his Flock he return'd in Deſpair;
To the Oak, when ſhe ſaw him, the Wanton did go;
And, when he came near her, pop'd out, and cry'd,
Bo!
Both Joy and Surprize at once ſtruck the poor Swain,
Enraptur'd he gaz'd on his *Phillis* again:
He chided a little; ſhe ſmil'd at his Care:
So each gave a Kiſs, and made up th' Affair.

SONG XLIII.

The TIPPET.

IN low'ring Clouds the Day was dreſs'd,
The wint'ry Tempeſt blew,
When *Fanny* o'er her ſnowy Breaſt
A Sable Tippet threw:
Then *Cupid* thus ſaid, Naked I
Muſt bear the piercing Wind,
Beneath that Tippet let me lie,
And kindly Shelter find.

That trifling Favour ſhall be thine,
The pitying Maid reply'd;
But firſt that uſeleſs Bow reſign,
And lay thoſe Darts aſide.
The joyful God with eager Haſte,
The graceful Fair obey'd,
And on her ſoft delicious Breaſt,
His ſhiv'ring Limbs he laid.

At length I taſte a Joy ſincere,
Cry'd out the happy God;
O let me, living ever here,
Maintain this bleſs'd Abode;

But ſoon he felt more piercing Cold,
Than e'er before he knew;
And, forc'd to quit his heav'nly Hold,
He ſtrait to *Paphos* flew.

SONG XLIV.

Bright CELIA's *Charms.*

CELIA's bright Charms no more I'll chuſe,
Nor for my Theme the Feats of Men;
Our Ladies Wit employs my Muſe;
Oh! kind *Apollo* guide my Pen.

Our meaner Actions muſt expreſs
Our ſhameful Folly, when 'tis writ,
That Men this Age conſulted Dreſs,
While Ladies ſtudied *Shakeſpear*'s Wit.

Coxcombs ſhall liſten to the Stage,
By you inſtructed, Wits commence;
Ev'n Beaux your Beauty ſhall engage,
To join the Banner of good Senſe.

Strive, *Britons*, ſtrive t' improve the Mind,
Make Wit, not Dreſs, employ your Care,
Since nothing in this Age, you find,
But Wit and Senſe can charm the Fair.

No more ſhall Merit's Paſſion fail,
Since Beauty, Wit and Knowledge prize,
Whoſe bright Example ſhall prevail,
And make it Faſhion to be wiſe.

SONG

SONG XLV.

LOVE *and* LIBERTY.

TELL me, ye Gay, ye Brave, ye Wiſe,
Ye Strangers all to *Celia*'s Eyes,
Whoſe Hearts are ever free;
Tell me, how ſhall a wounded Swain
The Conflicts of his Mind reſtrain,
'Twixt Love and Liberty.

With conſtant Care my *Flavia* charms,
And courts me to her willing Arms,
The trueſt Nymph is ſhe:
My rebel Heart, ſtill unconfin'd,
To all her fond Endearments blind,
Seeks Love and Liberty.

A Victim falls to *Celia*'s Shrine,
Who reigns alone with Pow'r divine,
Deſpotick Queen of me:
And, ſpite of all my conſcious Shame,
My guilty Eyes reveal my Flame,
I've loſt my Liberty.

O hear me, cruel God of Love,
Propitious to thy Suppliant prove;
Ah! let me ſtill be free:
Grace *Flavia* with her Rival's Charms,
Or bleſs me in my *Celia*'s Arms,
With Love and Liberty.

SONG XLVI.

YOUTH *and* BEAUTY.

WHILST Youth and Beauty join to pleaſe,
The preſent Bliſs enjoy;
Youth flies, and Beauty ſoon decays,
And Time on ev'ry Charm will ſeize;
Then, *Celia*, be not coy.

Behold the Lilly as it grows,
White as thy ſnowy Breaſt;
Obſerve the fragrant bluſhing Roſe,
Such rival Sweets thy Lips diſcloſe,
View theſe, and make me bleſs'd.

When Nature's in her beſt Array,
In Spring's gay Robe attir'd;
When ſmiling *Phœbus* gilds the Day,
Like thee they ſhine, like thee look gay,
And are like thee admir'd.

But when bleak Winter's chilling Shade
Deforms the gloomy Sky,
Their Bloom decays, their Glories fade,
Low is their Pride of Beauty laid,
They droop their Heads and die.

SONG XLVII.

The CONQUEST.

WHEN Beauty and Wit at firſt did conſpire
With Art and Addreſs, to inflame my Deſire,
Great *Love* did unveil all *Jenny*'s bright Charms,
And fix'd me at once a Slave to her Arms.

Her

Her Smiles firſt attracted new Vigour and Pain;
I trembled and fear'd, leſt I ſhould not obtain;
But my Paſſion declin'd, and no longer ſhe pleas'd,
For now ſimple *Molly* a Conqueſt has ſeiz'd.

Her Innocence, join'd with Sweetneſs and Youth,
At once now declare her good Nature and Truth;
Admir'd by all, yet ſhe artleſs appears,
And ſcorns with Diſdain fam'd *Jenny*'s gay Airs.
In Raptures all gaze, and with Pleaſure declare,
Such Sweetneſs as her's diſpels ev'ry Care:
Even now faithleſs *Harry*, a Stranger to Love,
Admires in her, what he ne'er cou'd approve.

SONG XLVIII.

The ROSE.

SWEET are the Flow'rs that deck the Field,
Sweet is the Smell the Bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the Summer Gale that blows,
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the Roſe;
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the Roſe.

Survey the Gardens, Fields and Bow'rs,
The Buds, the Bloſſoms, and the Flow'rs;
Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,
That vies, in Sweetneſs, with the Roſe?
That vies, in Sweetneſs, with the Roſe?

SONG XLIX.

CHLOE *SLEEPING.*

BE ſtill, ye Winds, *Chloe*'s aſleep,
Ye murm'ring Waters gently glide,
Ye moſſy Banks your Verdure keep,
Ye Flow'rs appear all in your Pride.

Raiſe

Raiſe, raiſe ye Songſters of the Grove,
To Harmony, your little Throats:
Each Wiſh, each latent Paſſion move,
With all your thrilling, am'rous Notes.

Your leafy Arms, ye Beaches, ſpread,
And with the Elms and Oaks entwine,
Whilſt fragrant Dews drop on her Head,
From Roſe-buds and the Eglantine.

Morpheus ſtrew the Poppies round,
In leaden Sleep confine her faſt;
Her Mantle's looſe, her Zone unbound,
Ye Graces revel round her Waiſte.

Auſpicious *Cupid*, guide me there;
O lay me gently on her Breaſt:
'Tis done—and the all-charming Fair,
Aſleep, unknowing is poſſeſs'd.

High revelling in vaſt Delight,
Panting, ſighing, dead I ſeem'd.
'*Strephon*, ſhe cry'd, (wak'd in a Fright)
'It's you—— O Lord! I thought I dream'd.'

SONG L.

FALSHOOD REPROV'D.

AVaunt, ye Prudes, whoſe artful Eyes,
Your inward Sentiments diſguiſe;
Whoſe tutor'd Lips your Thoughts conceal,
And ſtifle what your Boſoms feel;
Whoſe Hearts aſſume unnat'ral State,
And Man, for whom you're made, would hate.

My

My ſparkling Eye and bluſhing Cheek,
With artleſs Innocence ſhall ſpeak:
My Tongue ſhall never fear t' impart,
Unfeign'd, the Language of my Heart;
And gen'rous as a Virgin can,
I'll ever treat a gen'rous Man.

SONG LI.

The TOPER.

WHEN the roſy Bowl I drain,
Tranſports revel in each Vein;
Warbling to the vocal Spring,
Some gay Air I warbling ſing.
When I flood my Soul with Wine,
Cares I to the Wind reſign;
Let it Sea or Sky deform,
My calm Breaſt ne'er feels a Storm,
My calm Breaſt ne'er feels a Storm.

When in Wine my Cares I ſteep,
Balmy Odours round me weep;
Whilſt entranc'd in Beauty's Arms,
Venus, I adore thy Charms.
When in Wine I drown my Care,
Flow'ry Garlands I prepare;
And, when wreath'd with od'rous Joy,
Sing, ye Gods! how bleſt am I!
Sing, ye Gods! *&c.*

When I drain the ſpacious Bowl,
Drinking I enlarge my Soul;
And with young Men ever gay,
Dance and am as young as they;
Sinking thus a Flood of Wine,
This dear Bleſſing I make mine;
Life's ſhort Pleaſures to enjoy,
Sad or merry, all muſt die,
Sad or merry, all muſt die.

SONG

SONG LII.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

HE.

HASTE, haſte, *Phillis*, haſte, 'tis the Firſt of the *May*;
Hark, the Goldfinches ſing, to the Woods let's away:
We'll pluck the pale Primroſe, and, ſtart not my Dear,
I've ſomething to whiſper alone in your Ear,
I've ſomething to whiſper alone in your Ear.

SHE.

Excuſe me, fond Swain; it has often been ſaid,
The Wood is unſafe for a Maiden to tread;
And a wither'd old Gipſy one Day I eſpy'd,
Bid me ſhun the thick Wood, and ſaid ſomething beſide,
Bid me ſhun the thick Wood, &c.

HE.

'Tis all a mere Fable, there's nothing to fright,
There's Muſick all Day, and no Spectres at Night:
No Creature but *Cupid*, believe me, is there;
And *Cupid*'s an Urchin, you ſurely can't fear,
And *Cupid*'s an Urchin, &c.

SHE.

For all I could ſay, when arriv'd at the Wood,
Who knows your Deſigns? you might dare to be rude;
So I bid you farewel, and confeſs I'm afraid,
Leſt *Cupid* and you are to hard for a Maid,
Leſt *Cupid*, &c.

HE.

HE

His Dictates you wiſely at once ſhou'd approve;
For, pray what is Life? 'tis a Pain without Love:
Think how Youth, like the Roſe, tho' ungather'd,
will fade;
Then quickly comply, leſt you die an old Maid,
Then quickly comply, &c.

SHE.

By Language as artful poor *Daphne* was won;
Thus courted, ſhe yielded, was trick'd and undone:
And rather than truſt the fine Things you have ſaid,
Let my Beauty decay, and I die an old Maid,
Let my Beauty decay, &c.

HE.

Believe not I'm faithleſs and falſe as the Wind,
I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond and as kind;
Will lead you to Pleaſures untaſted before,
And make you my Bride: Can a Mortal do more?
And make you my Bride, &c.

SHE.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot ſay, No;
To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go,
To the Wood next, tho' *Cupid* ſo talk'd of, be there,
With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all Fear,
With Joy I'll away, &c.

SHE.

Ye Nymphs, to the Wood never venture to go;
'Till the Prieſt joins your Hand, you muſt anſwer,
No, No.

HE.

HE.

Ye Swains, ſhould your Fair Ones be deaf to you ſtill,
You muſt wear the ſoft Chain, then they'll go where you will,
You muſt wear the ſoft Chain, then they'll go where you will.

SONG LIII.

The ROVER.

IN all the Sex ſome Charms I find,
I love to try all Womankind,
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty,
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty:
In *Cupid*'s Fetters moſt ſevere,
I languiſh'd out the long, long Year,
The Slave of wanton *Kitty*,
The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling Chain,
And ſwore that Love was endleſs Pain,
One conſtant Scene of Folly,
One conſtant Scene, &c.
I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke,
But ſoon I felt the ſecond Stroke,
And ſigh'd for blue-ey'd *Polly*,
And ſigh'd for, &c.

With Treſſes next of flaxen Hue
Young *Jenny* did my Soul ſubdue,
That lives in yonder Alley,
That lives, &c.
Then *Cupid* threw another Snare
And caught me in the curling Hair
Of little tempting *Salley*,
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with Charms tho' blythe and young,
My roving Heart from Bondage ſprung,
This Heart of yielding Metal,
This Heart, &c.
And now it wanders here and there,
By Turns the Prize of Brown and Fair,
But never more will ſettle,
But never more will ſettle.

SONG LIV.

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts ſurprize;
In *Stella*'s Soul is all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s in her Eyes.
More boundleſs *Flavia*'s Conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd:
All can diſcern a Face that's fair
But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like *Britain*'s Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands:
Like eaſtern Tyrants *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.
Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt thy Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store;
Each Day that makes thy Charms decreaſe
Will give to *Stella* more.

SONG LV.

SICK of the Town, at once I flew
To Contemplation's rural Seat;
Adieu, ſaid I, vain World adieu,
Fools only ſtudy to be great:
The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
The moſs-grown Roof and matted Floor,
All theſe I had——'twas mighty well,
But yet I wanted ſomething more.

Back to the buſy World again
I ſoon return'd, in hopes to find
Eaſe for imaginary Pain,
Quiet of Heart and Peace of Mind:
Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour
My Eyes with Admiration fill;
The World ſeem'd all within my Pow'r,
But yet I wanted ſomething ſtill.

Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd,
'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale;
Celia at length became a Bride,
A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale:
All Nature ſmil'd, the Gloom was chear'd,
Damon was kind, I can't tell how;
Each Place a Paradiſe appear'd,
And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

SONG LVI.

The NONPAREIL.

THO' *Chloe*'s out of Faſhion,
Can bluſh and be ſincere,
I'll toaſt her in a Bumper,
If all the Belles were here.
What tho' no Diamonds ſparkle,
About her Neck and Waiſte,
With ev'ry ſhining Virtue
The lovely Maid is grac'd.
The ev'ry ſhining Virtue, *&c.*

In modeſt, plain Apparel,
No Patches, Paint, or Airs;
In Debt alone to Nature,
An Angel ſhe appears:

From

From gay Coquets, high finiſh'd,
My *Chloe* takes no Rules,
Nor envies them their Conqueſts
The Hearts of all the Fools.
Nor envies them, &c.

Who wins her muſt have Merit;
Such Merit as her own:
The Graces all poſſeſſing,
Yet knows not ſhe has one.
Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
The Gifts you moſt approve;
And *Chloe*, charming *Chloe*,
Will bleſs me with her Love.
And *Chloe*, &c.

SONG LVII.

The SHEPHERD's COMPLAINT.

SPRING returns, the Fawns advance,
Leading on the ſprightly Dance;
O'er the Fallow, o'er the Glade,
Thro' the Sunſhine, thro' the Shade;
Whilſt I forlorn and penſive ſtill
Sit ſighing for my *Daffodil.*

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as ſmiles the Year;
Sporting, print where'er they tread,
Daiſy Ground, or Primroſe Bed;
Whilſt I forlorn, &c.

Now the Swain, with wat'ry Shoe,
Bruſhes by the Morning Dew,
With officious Love to bear
Freſh-blown Cowſlips to his Fair;
Whilſt I forlorn, &c.

Gentle Nymphs, forſake the Mead,
To my Love for Pity plead:
Go, ye Swains, and ſeek the Fair;
This, my laſt Petition, bear,
Whilſt I forlorn, *&c.*

Sweeteſt Maid that e'er was ſeen
Dance at Wake, or trip the Green,
See a love-ſick, ſighing Swain;
Here my Vows; relieve my Pain;
Or, with your Frowns, for Pity kill,
Too charming, cruel *Daffodil.*

SONG LVIII.

To SYLVIA.

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
Let *Damon* urge his Claim;
He feels the Paſſion, void of Art,
The pure and conſtant Flame.
Tho' ſighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their ſenſual Love contemn,
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But ſlight the inward Gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded Heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient Fire;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment whets Deſire.
Your Charms each ſlaviſh Senſe controul,
A Tyrant's ſhort-liv'd Reign;
But milder Reaſon rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.

By

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years;
As when the Bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appears.
May Heav'n and *Sylvia* grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour;
That *Damon* who can taſte the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower.

SONG LIX.

DAMON's *WISH.*

IF flatt'ring Love, if wild Deſpair,
Should triumph o'er a Virgin's Breaſt,
The ruſhing Tides would Storms raiſe there,
The raging Floods deſtroy her Reſt.

Innocence, thou unerring Guide,
Conduct us to ſome pleaſant Grove,
Where we in Safety may abide,
To perfect all the Joys of Love.

Near ſome cool Bank, near Hillocks green,
Far diſtant from the gaudy Train,
Where Silence dwells and Joy ſerene,
Where Bliſs ſurrounds the happy Twain.

Welcome would be that rural Scene,
Where rowling Rivers run between:
Welcome would be that Spot of Ground,
Where wand'ring Willows circle round.

SONG LX.

To CHLOE.

O Lovely Maid, how dear thy Pow'r!
At once I love, at once adore:
With Wonder are my Thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt Love inſpires my Breaſt.

This

This tender Look, theſe Eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous Maſter thine:
Theſe Eyes with *Strephon's* Paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray;
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine;
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r;
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy;
Thou canſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy;
And thus I've bound myſelf to Love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move;
While Bliſs or Miſery, *&c.*

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms:
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone:
But like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
Forever exil'd from my Fair;
Forever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG LXI.

The WATCHFUL LOVER.

OF ev'ry Sweet that glads the Spring,
A Tribute to thy Charms I'll bring;
I'll imitate the buſy Bee,
To make a fragrant Crown for thee.
When from the Plains we're chas'd away
By the fierce God that rules the Day,
I'll lead thee to the Shades and Streams,
To ſhield thee from his ſcorching Beams.

And

And when to Reſt her Eyes incline,
Nor Light, nor they, no longer ſhine;
The faireſt Fleece of ev'ry Sheep,
My Love ſhall preſs in peaceful Sleep:
From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
My tender, faithful Care ſhall prove,
None watch ſo well as thoſe that love.

SONG LXII.

The LOVER's *WISH.*

WITH beauteous *Arminta* ranging,
Where balmy Frangrance breath'd around;
Where various Odours, Colours changing,
Perfum'd and beautify'd the Ground.
I pluck'd a Roſe, whoſe Sweets exhaling,
Diffus'd Ambroſia thro' the Air;
Whoſe damask Bluſh the Eye regaling,
Courted the Wiſhes of the Fair.

Soon as the blooming, captive Flow'r,
Was ſtolen from its lovely Bed,
I felt the Thorn's revenging Pow'r,
And thus to my *Arminta* ſaid:
"Come, quickly come, and eaſe my Anguiſh;
"Your gentle Hand to mine apply:
"On your Account in Pain I languiſh,
"To you I now for Succour fly."

With tender Haſte, the Nymph directed
A Needle to the wounded Part;
But, while ſhe eas'd the Place affected,
The Thorn was driven to my Heart.
Since this, alas! is my Condition,
And ſhe can cure my Wound alone,
May ſhe continue my Phyſician,
And to my Heart apply her own.

SONG

SONG LXIII.

The FAITHFUL LOVER.

HAD I but the Wings of a Dove,
Enraptur'd I'd haſten away,
And quickly repair to my Love,
Whoſe Beauties enliven the Day.
Bring ſoon from the Hamlets again,
Ye Gods, her I ask for my Wife;
Without her I'm ever in Pain,
And reliſh no Pleaſure in Life.

Ah! cruel Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me ſo long from my Fair;
Come, pity my deſolate State,
And baniſh all Thoughts of Deſpair.
With her, Oh! what Scenes I enjoy
Of Mirth and good Humour all Day:
Such Bleſſings as never will cloy,
Nor ceaſe till our Souls leave the Clay.

SONG LXIV.

AH! *Cloe*, thou Treaſure, thou Joy of my Breaſt,
Since I parted from thee I'm a Stranger to Reſt:
I fly to the Grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my Charmer, and long to return:
The Fields all around me are ſmiling and gay:
But they ſmile all in vain, for my *Cloe*'s away:
The Field and the Grove can afford me no Eaſe,
But bring me my *Cloe*, a Deſert will pleaſe,
But bring me my *Cloe*, a Deſert will pleaſe.

No Virgin I ſee that my Boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with Charms;

In

In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the Eye,
Theſe are not the Looks of my *Cloe*, I cry:
Theſe Looks, where bright Love, like the Sun, ſits enthron'd,
And, ſmiling, diffuſes his Influence round;
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd:
Thus view'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd,
Thus view'd thee with Wonder, &c.

Then, then the dear Fair One was ſtill in my Sight,
It was Pleaſure all Day, it was Rapture all Night:
But, now my hard Fortune, remov'd from my Fair;
In ſecret I languiſh, a Prey to Deſpair:
But Abſence and Torment abate not my Flame,
My *Cloe*'s ſtill charming, my Paſſion the ſame;
O! would ſhe preſerve me a Place in her Breaſt,
Then Abſence would pleaſe me, for I ſhould be bleſt,
Then Abſence would pleaſe me, for I ſhould be bleſt.

SONG LXV.

ASK if yon Damask Roſe be ſweet
That ſcents the ambient Air;
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
If dear *Suſanna*'s fair?

Say, will the Vulture leave his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove?
When wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then donbt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes ſhare;
Let Pride in Splendor ſhine;
Ye Bards, unenvy'd Laurels wear,
Be fair *Suſanna* mine.

SONG

SONG LXVI.

PHILLIS has each enchanting Art
That can the Soul enſnare;
Firſt wins her Lover's eaſy Heart,
Then wracks him with Deſpair.

With tempting Looks and flatt'ring Smiles,
Too ſoon a Conqueſt gains;
Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious, ſhe does tyrannize,
And wounds each harmleſs Swain:
Firſt ſooths his Hope with matchleſs Joys,
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from the Enchantreſs run,
Leſt you become her Prize.

The Hook does lie beneath the Bait;
With Smiles ſhe'll draw you on:
But ſoon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.

SONG LXVII.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

WHAT have I done ye Powers above,
To merit thus your Hate?
Why will you force me from the Plains,
To live in odious State?

Forgive

Forgive me, Courtiers, if I ſlight
  Your ſplendid Joys and you,
For, had you ſeen my *Cloe*'s Charms,
  You had been Shepherds too.

Oh! ſhe's the lovelieſt, ſprightlieſt Laſs,
  That ever danc'd the Plain:
She is the Envy of each Nymph,
  The Love of ev'ry Swain.
My *Cloe*'s known above the reſt,
  (Tho' clad alike in Green)
As is among the Huntreſs-Train,
  The Goddeſs, by her Mien.

Do not my Flocks, O! Charmer, ſay,
  For their loſt Maſter grieve?
Or does the Brook, now I'm away,
  It's wonted Muſick give?
Say, does the well-known Oak remain
  Still faithful to my Flame,
And on it's wounded Bark preſerve
  My oft' ſung *Cloe*'s Name?

Perhaps, e'er now, beneath it's Shade
  You ſadly penſive lie,
And, thinking on your *Collin*'s Fate,
  You drop, at leaſt a Sigh:
Or ſilently, to vent your Grief,
  You to that Grove repair,
Where I, you know, one Ev'ning made
  A Garland for your Hair.

Or elſe, perhaps, my *Cloe* walks,
  Some Rival by her Side,
And, laughing, tells of our paſt Loves
  To feed his wanton Pride.

O! no;

O! no; forgive me ſuch a Thought,
For Nature ne'er deſign'd,
That ſuch a lovely Form ſhould match
With an inconſtant Mind.

Methinks I hear you ſay, "Since you
"My Conſtancy approve,
"Why leave not you the noiſy Court
"For Innocence and Love?"
Yes, *Cloe*, yes, if ever I
My Liberty regain,
I'll leave the Court, with all it's Noiſe,
And take the Crook again.

SONG LXVIII.

The VISIT.

I Went to ſee my Dear, but ſhe
No ſooner ſaw my Face,
Than, in Diſdain, ſhe turn'd away,
And left me in a Maze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
The Cauſe ſhe us'd me ſo?
She look'd upon me ſullenly,
And, pouting, bid me go.

"Pox take your jilting Tricks, ſaid I,
"Have I this Scorn deſerv'd?
"Have I done aught? if not, then why
"Am I thus baſely ſerv'd?"

All in a Rage, I curs'd and ſwore,
To turn my Love to Hate;
Reſolv'd that I would never more
Come near the baſe Ingrate.

At that ſhe caſt a tempting Smile,
And ſhew'd me ſuch new Charms,
I ſtood to think upon't awhile,
Then fled into her Arms.

SONG LXIX.

DAMON, for Love ſtill meets Diſdain,
The Nymph makes no Return;
All ſhe affords, to heal his Pain,
Is to reward with Scorn.

The more he begs ſhe'd hear his Vows,
The more ſhe ſtill denies;
The faſter he her Steps purſues,
She ſtill the faſter flies.

At length ſhe leaves her haſty Flight,
And turns to meet the Swain;
Surpriz'd ſhe's now to find him ſlight,
What he purſu'd with Pain.

My Crime, ſhe cries, I ſee too late,
I ſhew'd my Flame too ſoon;
If I had ſtill repaid with Hate,
I'd had him ſtill my own.

Ye lovely Nymphs, in Time beware,
Nor yield your Hearts too ſoon;
Leſt my unhappy Fate you ſhare,
And are, like me, undone.

SONG LXX.

WHY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain
Which I endure from thy Diſdain,
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?

Ah! didſt thou know the Pangs I feel,
To what vaſt Height my Sorrows ſwell,
For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad Approach of Day,
All Nature looks ſerene and gay,
And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim;
Then riſing Griefs my Boſom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I ſpend,
In ſighing out thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which ſeems averſe to Love,
To grant ſome Eaſe to my Deſpair?
Say, muſt I hope no kind Return?
Muſt I with fruitleſs Paſſion burn?
And you as cruel be, as fair?

SONG LXXI.

WHILE I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
Thy Eyes a thouſand Raptures raiſe,
And burn me with Deſire.

Tranſported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleaſure I gaze on,
'Till by my heedleſs Looks betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor Wretch whoſe luckleſs Sight,
The fatal Serpent ſpies,
Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG

SONG LXXII.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
And *Celia* has undone me;
And yet I'll ſwear I can't tell how
The pleaſing Plague ſtole on me.
'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
For there no Graces revel;
'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
'Tis not her Senſe, for that's but Chat,
Like any other Woman
Her Voice, her Touch, might give the Alarm,
'Tis both perhaps, or neither:
In ſhort, 'tis that provoking Charm
Of *Celia* altogether.

SONG LXXIII.

BOAST not, miſtaken Swain, thy Art
To pleaſe my partial Eyes;
The Charms that have ſubdu'd my Heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by ſome fond Whim betray'd,
In Oddneſs I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confuſion, know
'Tis to my Love's Exceſs,
You all your fancied Beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

SONG LXXIV.

TELL me, my *Delia*, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt Looks you fly?
What means that Frown upon thy Brow?
Have I offended? tell me how!

Some Change has happen'd in thy Heart,
Some Rival there has ſtole a Part:
Reaſon thoſe Fears may diſapprove;
But, Oh! I fear——becauſe I Love.

SONG LXXV.

The too curious BEE.

AS *Celia* in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm.

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom;
But, with a thouſand Sweets in View,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand, of Life bereav'd
The darling little Thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize;
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Celia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound!

Oh!

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd, burning Smart,
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love!

SONG LXXVI.

DELIA.

WHEN yonder cooing Doves retire,
And ſeem in am'rous Shackles bound,
See, *Delia*, how the Flow'rs aſpire,
And ſhed delicious Fragrance round.
Rais'd by the Spring, and nurs'd by Shade,
They flouriſh ſweetly to the Eye;
But Autumn's haſting Chills invade,
And their gay Beauties droop and die,
And their gay Beauties droop and die.

A Flow'ret, *Delia*, are thy Charms,
Which in Youth's joyous Seaſon blows;
Like thy bright Eyes, thy iv'ry Arms,
And Cheek, where ſhines the *Eden* Roſe.
But envious Time, with creeping Pace,
Will on thy Face ſeraphic prey,
Deſpoil thee of each matchleſs Grace,
And ſteal thee from thyſelf away,
And ſteal thee, *&c.*

Wiſely admoniſh'd by the Thought,
Swift let us ſtop the whirling Hour;
Pleaſures, as flying ſhou'd be caught,
E'er Age deprive us of the Pow'r.
Thee, Nature hath with Beauty bleſt,
And bids thee multiply its Ray;
With too much Senſe thou art poſſeſt
Her bliſsful Call to diſobey,
Her bliſsful Call to diſobey.

SONG

SONG LXXVII.

The SWAIN's *Reſolution.*

THO' form'd by the tend'reſt Care of young Love,
A wonderful Cluſter of Charms you appear,
So ſweet no *May* Morning, ſo gentle no Dove,
The Roſe not ſo blooming, the Lilly ſo fair:
Yet nothing ſhou'd make me ſubmit to your Chain,
For free I was born and as free will remain;
For free I was born, *&c.*

Tho' Diamonds were ſully'd when match'd with your Eyes,
Tho' Ermine and Snow were diſgrac'd by your Skin;
Your Soul too was lovely, enchanting and wiſe,
All Luſtre without and all Sweetneſs within:
Yet nothing ſhall make me, *&c.*

Tho' black as the Jet, with a beautiful Twine,
Your delicate Treſſes all wantonly flow'd;
Your Shape was Perfection, your Air was divine,
You ſpoke like an Angel and mov'd like a God:
Yet nothing ſhou'd make me ſubmit to your Chain,
For free I was born and as free will remain;
For free I was born and as free will remain.

SONG LXXVIII.

The WOUNDED LOVER.

TOO late for Redreſs, and too ſoon for my Eaſe,
I ſaw you, I lov'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd pleaſe;
I fancy'd your Eyes read the Language of mine,
And ſaw my Love's Image reflected on thine.

The

The Flatterer Hope to my Ruin led on,
And taught me to judge of your Heart by my own:
Self-love to my Wiſh, was at Hand to perſuade,
That my Love was return'd, and my Friendſhip repaid.

But wak'd from this Dream, 'tis with Anguiſh I find,
Words and Looks were but civil, which once I thought kind;
Its Colour no longer falſe Fancy will lend,
To form the fond Lover, or image the Friend:
But be ſtill, my poor Heart, or beat thee to Reſt,
I'll drive this Tormentor, this Love from my Breaſt:
I'll break the gay Bauble my Fancy has made,
And puniſh the Heart which Self-love has betray'd.

SONG LXXIX.

WHEN firſt by fond *Damon Flavella* was ſeen,
He ſlightly regarded her Air and her Mien:
The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend;
Not warm'd, as a Lover; but cool, as a Friend.
From Friendſhip, not Paſſion, his Raptures did move,
And the Swain bragg'd his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms he diſcover'd, as more ſhe was known;
Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taſte was his own:
Her Manners were gentle, her Senſe was refin'd,
And, Oh! what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind.
Yet ſtill for the Sanction of Friendſhip he ſtrove,
'Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and ſhew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he ſighs for the Fair;
Grows dull to all Pleaſure, but being with her:
He's mute, while his Heart-ſtrings are ready to break,
For the Fear of offending forbids him to ſpeak;

And

And wanders, a willing Example, to prove
That Friendſhip with Woman is Siſter to Love.

A Lover thus conquer'd, can ne'er give Offence;
Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Senſe:
His Paſſion, nor Wrinkles, nor Age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay;
And Time, that will Beauty's ſhort Empire remove,
Increaſing her Reaſon, increaſes his Love.

SONG LXXX.

O Wouldſt thou know what ſacred Charms,
This deſtin'd Heart of mine alarms,
This deſtin'd Heart of mine alarms;
What Kind of Nymph the Heav'ns decree,
The Maid that's made for Love and me,
The Maid that's made for Love and me.

Who joys to hear the Sigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender Tear,
Who melts, &c.
From each ungentle Paſſion free,
O be the Maid that's made for me,
O be the Maid, &c.

Whoſe Heart with gen'rous Friendſhip glows,
Who feels the Bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch, &c.

Whoſe ſimple Thoughts devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart,
Are all, &c.

A gentle

A gentle Train from Falſhood free,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me,
Be ſuch, &c.

Avaunt, ye light Coquets, retire
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire:
Unmov'd your tinſel Charms I ſee,
More genuine Beauties are for me,
More genuine Beauties are for me.

SONG LXXXI.

BEAUTY's POWER.

NATURE for Defence affords,
Fins to Fiſh, and Wings to Birds;
Hoofs to Horſes, Claws to Bears;
Swiftneſs to the fearful Hares.

Man's endow'd with Art and Senſe;
What have Women for Defence?
Beauty is their Shield and Arms;
Womens Weapons are their Charms.

Beauty's Power makes us feel,
Deeper Wounds than thoſe of Steel;
Strength and Wit, before it fall,
Beauty triumphs over all.

SONG LXXXII.

POLLY.

SPRING renewing all Things gay;
Nature's Dictates all obey:
In each Creature we may ſee,
The Effect of *Love*'s Decree:

Thus

Thus their State, ſuch their Fate;
Do not, *Polly*, ſtay too late,
Do not, *Polly*, ſtay too late.

Look around, and ſee them play;
All are wanton while they may;
Why ſhould precious Time be loſt?
After Summer comes a Froſt:
All purſue Nature's Due;
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Flowers all around us blowing;
Herds on ev'ry Meadow lowing:
Birds on ev'ry Branch are wooing;
Turtles all around as cooing:
Hark! they cooe; ſee, they wooe;
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Hark! how kind that Swain and Laſs,
Yonder ſitting on the Graſs;
See, how earneſtly he ſues;
While ſhe, bluſhing, can't refuſe:
See yon two, how they wooe;
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

Mark that Cloud above the Plain;
See, it ſeems to threaten Rain:
Herds and Flocks do run together,
Seeking Shelter from the Weather.
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Let us, therefore, do ſo too,
Let us, therefore, do ſo too.

SONG

SONG LXXXIII.

POw'rful Guardians of all Nature,
O! preſerve my beauteous Love:
Keep from Inſult the dear Creature,
Virtue ſure has Charms to move.

SONG LXXXIV.

The LOVER's *Petition.*

ASSIST me, *Cupid*, give me Wings,
To fly to *Cælia*'s Arms:
Her Voice, as when a Syren ſings,
My frozen Blood alarms.

Come, *Cælia*, haſte, and eaſe the Smart,
Which thoſe bright Eyes have made:
Oh! do not tantalize my Heart,
But haſte and give me Aid.

Let's haſte, my Love, and while we may,
The ſilent Hours employ;
Nor mind what other Mortals ſay,
To fright us from our Joy.

Such who in *Hymen*'s Courts ne'er rove,
Delights they Vices call;
And ſtupid to the Sports of Love,
In Life ſcarce live at all.

On this ſoft, panting, ſnowy Breaſt,
Let me my Care beguile;
While you conſent to make me bleſt,
And anſwer with a Smile.

SONG

SONG LXXXV.

FALSE tho' ſhe be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er purſue Revenge;
For ſtill the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore the Change.
In Hours of Bliſs we oft have met;
They could not always laſt:
And, tho' the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG LXXXVI.

The ADDRESS.

'TWIXT pleaſing Hope and painful Fear,
True Love divided lies;
With artleſs Look and Soul ſincere,
Above all mean Diſguiſe:
For *Celia* thus my Heart is mov'd,
Accept it, lovely Fair:
I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
Then let me not deſpair.

My Fate before your Feet I lay;
Sentence your willing Slave:
Remember tho' that Tyrants ſlay,
And heav'nly Powers ſave:
To bleſs is Heav'n's peculiar Grace;
Let me a Bleſſing find;
And, ſince you wear an Angel's Face,
O! ſhow an Angel's Mind.

SONG

SONG LXXXVII.

WHAT can aſſwage the Pain Man feels,
When buſy Cares diſturb his Breaſt;
When modeſt Senſe his Want conceals,
With thouſand Thoughts that bar his Reſt?

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove?
Can Titles, Wealth, or Might give Eaſe?
Can Woman's Charms, or Thoughts of Love,
Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace?

No, no, they're trifling Pleaſures all;
The Rich enjoy them but a Day;
Within their Breaſt they deign to call,
Ne'er reſt, but vaniſh ſoon away.

Content alone can make us ſing,
When wanton Fortune is unkind:
That ſets a Wretch above a King,
And quiets every ruffled Mind.

SONG LXXXVIII.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not deſpiſe a poor Conqueſt like me?
On Lords, your Admirers, you look'd with Diſdain;
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my Pain.
You ſaid, when they teiz'd you with Nonſenſe and Dreſs,
Where real's the Paſſion, the Vanity's leſs:
You ſaw thro' that Silence which others deſpiſe;
And, while Beaux were prating, read Love in my Eyes.

Oh! where is the Nymph, that like you, ne'er can cloy;
Whoſe Wit can enliven each dull Pauſe of Joy?

And, when the ſhort Tranſport of Love's at an End,
From paſſionate Miſtreſs, turn ſenſible Friend?
When I ſee you I love you, but hearing adore;
I wonder, and think you a Woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot refrain,
And kiſſing thoſe Lips you turn Woman again.

With thee in my Boſom, how can I deſpair?
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care:
I'll ask thy Advice, when with Trouble oppreſs'd;
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is beſt.
In all that I do I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taſte ſhall correct what thy Wit did inſpire:
Then I'll kiſs and careſs thee till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendſhip when Paſſion's no more.

SONG LXXXIX

CUPID's REFUGE.

JOVE, when he ſaw my *Fanny*'s Face,
With wond'rous Paſſion mov'd,
Forgot the Care of human Race,
And felt at laſt he lov'd:
Then to the God of ſoft Deſire,
His Suit he thus addreſs'd,
I *Fanny* love, with mutual Fire,
O touch her tender Breaſt.

Your Sighs are hopeleſs, *Cupid* cries;
I lov'd the Maid before:
What! rival me! the Pow'r replies,
Whom Gods and Men adore.
He graſp'd the Bolt, he ſhook the Springs
Of his imperial Throne,
While *Cupid* wav'd his roſy Wings,
And in a Breath was gone.

O'er

O'er Earth and Seas the Godhead flew,
But ſtill no Shelter found;
For, as he fled, his Dangers grew,
And Light'ning flaſh'd around:
At laſt his trembling Fear impels
His Flight, to *Fanny*'s Eyes,
Where happy, ſafe, and pleas'd he dwells,
Nor minds his native Skies.

SONG XC.

The RECONCILIATION.

WITH Scorn repuls'd, poor *Damon* ſought
An unfrequented Grove;
To give a Looſe to anxious Thought,
And unrequited Love.
With creeping Pace, and Arms acroſs,
He ſlowly, lagging mov'd;
Unable to ſupport the Loſs,
Of what ſo dear he lov'd.

Delia, who lov'd with equal Flame,
Now ſhar'd her *Damon*'s Fate;
Reſolv'd to ſave her dying Swain,
But fears it is too late:
His wand'ring Steps with Haſte purſues,
And *Damon*, *Damon* cries.
Each Word and Feature plainly ſhews
How vain her Coquetries.

The well-known Voice ſoon pierc'd his Ears;
His Spirits catch the Sounds;
His Eyes run o'er with joyful Tears,
And Heart with Rapture bounds.

Eager he claſp'd the fainting Fair;
Who, fault'ring cry'd, I love.
In cloſe Embrace, the happy Pair,
An equal Tranſport prove.

SONG XCI.

Fair *BELLINDA.*

WHEN mighty *Jove* ſurvey'd Mankind,
And ſaw *Bellinda* ſhine,
Struck was the God, on Earth to find,
A Creature ſo divine:
Forthwith he call'd for *Cupid*'s Arms,
And ask'd a pow'rful Dart,
To wound with Love thoſe beauteous Charms,
Which thus has ſmote his Heart.

Cupid approach'd, with trembling Wings,
Unwilling to declare,
That he from whom this Paſſion ſprings,
Was Captive to the Fair.
Enrag'd at this, the Godhead ſaid,
Know, tho' thou'rt God of Love,
Yet of theſe Realms I reign the Head,
And who dare rival *Jove?*

Cupid, thus ſtruck with deep Affright,
Strait quits his native Skies;
And, to avoid *Jove*'s pow'rful Might,
He flew to *Bella*'s Eyes:
There basking lurks, nor heeds the God,
Who rules and governs all;
Convinc'd that he, at *Bella*'s Nod,
A Sacrifice muſt fall.

Fir'd

Fir'd with Revenge, the God then ſwore,
By high *Olympus'* Hill,
That *Cupid* ne'er ſhould ramble more,
But ſtay with *Bella* ſtill.
Confin'd in her, he there remains,
Ne'er to return again:
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupremely reigns,
Alike o'er Gods, as Men.

SONG XCII.

Monſieur PANTIN.

I Sing not of Battles, that now are to ceaſe;
Nor carrols my Muſe in the Praiſe of a Peace:
To ſhew that ſhe's oft in good Company ſeen,
She humbly begs leave to ſing Monſieur *Pantin.*
Examine all round, and at length you will own,
His Likeneſſes daily are met with in Town:
Then let me my Song undiſturbed begin;
And ſhew all his Brothers to Monſieur *Pantin.*

And firſt, pray obſerve that ſtrange Thing made for Shew,
That Compound of Powder and Nonſenſe, a Beau;
So limber his Joints, and ſo ſtrange is his Mien,
That you cry, as he walks, look you there's a *Pantin.*
How oft have we heard that the Ladies love Change,
And from one Entertainment to t'other will range;
In this they are conſtant, what Difference was ſeen,
When they laid down the *Fribble*, and took the *Pantin?*

Then all the fair Laſſes, who bloom like the Morn,
Who ſeek not your Beauties by Art to adorn;
When I ſee on your Boſom this little Machine,
Down, I am jealous of happy *Pantin.*

Ye Youths who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace,
No longer let Foplings your Merits diſgrace,
But attack the fair Maid with a reſolute Mien,
Till ſhe claſps her young Lover, and burn her *Pantin.*

SONG XCIII.

ASTREA.

IN young *Aſtrea*'s ſparkling Eye,
Reſiſtleſs *Love* has fixt his Throne;
A thouſand Lovers bleeding lie
For her, with Wounds they fear to own.
While the coy Beauty ſpeeds her Flight
To diſtant Groves, from whence ſhe came;
So Light'ning vaniſhes from Sight,
But leaves the Foreſt in a Flame.

SONG XCIV.

FLORA.

A celebrated CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS in the blooming Spring,
When Birds were heard to ſing,
And *Philomel* began her tuneful Lay,
Flora appear'd new dreſs'd and gay,
To taſte the Sweets of her own *May*:
She bid each ſpringing Flow'r
It's every Charm diſcloſe,
And all it's wanton Pow'r,
And thus addreſs'd the bluſhing Roſe.

AIR.

AIR.

Sweet Flow'r! ſo like to pleaſing Love,
How bleſt to Mortals muſt you prove!
How bleſt to Mortals muſt you prove!
The Maid ſhall wear your beauteous Hue;
The Youth ſhall learn to love from you.
Sweet Flow'r! ſo like to pleaſing Love,
How bleſt to Mortals muſt you prove!
The Maid ſhall wear your beauteous Hue;
The Youth ſhall learn to love from you;
So fair, and full of Flora's *Charms,*
The Roſe ſhall grace the Lover's Arms:
So fair, and full of Flora's *Charms,*
The Roſe ſhall grace the Lover's Arms;
Shall gra - - - - - - - - - - - - - ce,
The Roſe ſhall grace the Lover's Arms:
Shall grace; ſhall grace;
The Roſe ſhall grace the Lover's Arms.

RECITATIVE.

She then the Lilly ſpy'd;
The Violet, in all it's Pride;
But ſigh'd ſhe could not laſting Beauty give:
Then ſmil'd, and bid them bloom again,
And ev'ry Year in *Youth celeſtial* live:
And in theſe Strains the Goddeſs fair began.

AIR.

Flora *ſhall lead the happy Year,*
And you in all your Robes appear:
And every Maid and every Swain,
In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport, and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May:
And every Maid and every Swain,
In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport, and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May;

Shall

Shall revel, dance, and ſport and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May,
And wanton in the Sweets of May.
Shall revel, dance, and ſport, and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May;
And wanton in the Sweets of May;
And wanton in the Sweets of May;
And wanton in the Sweets of May.

SONG XCV.

JOCKEY *and* JENNY.

JOCKEY.

WHEN *Jockey* was bleſt with your Love and your Truth,
Not on *Tweed*'s pleaſant Banks dwelt ſo blythſome a Youth;
With *Jenny* I ſported it all the Day long,
And her Name was the Burthen and Joy of my Song.

JENNY.

E'er *Jockey* had ceas'd all his Kindneſs to me,
There liv'd in the Vale not ſo happy a She:
Such Pleaſures with *Jockey*, his *Jenny* had known,
That ſhe ſcorn'd in a Cot the fine Folks of the Town.

JOCKEY.

Ah! *Jockey*, what Fear now poſſeſſes thy Mind,
That *Jenny* ſo conſtant to *Willy*'s been kind:
When dancing ſo gay with the Nymphs on the Plain,
She yielded her Hand and her Heart to the Swain.

JENNY.

You falſely upbraid; but remember the Day
With *Lucy* you toy'd it, beneath the new Hay;

When

When alone with your *Lucy*, the Shepherds have ſaid,
You forgot all the Vows that to *Jenny* were made.

JOCKEY.

Believe not, ſweet *Jenny*, my Heart ſtray'd from thee;
For *Lucy*, the Wanton's, a Maid ſtill for me:
From a Laſs that's ſo true, your fond *Jockey* ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forſake the kind *Jenny* he lov'd.

JENNY.

My Heart for young *Willy* ne'er panted and ſigh'd;
For you, of that Heart, were the Joy and the Pride;
While *Tweed*'s Waters glide ſhall your *Jenny* be true,
Nor love, my dear *Jockey*, a Shepherd like you.

JENNY.

For Kindneſs no Youth can with *Jockey* compare.

JOCKEY.

No Shepherd e'er met with ſo faithful a Fair.

BOTH.

We'll love then, and live from fierce Jealouſy free,
And none on the Plains ſhall be happy as we.

SONG XCVI.

I See it, *Mira*, know it well,
That Love is in your Heart;
For what your Tongue denies to tell,
Your wiſhing Eyes impart.
When *Damon* wreſtled on the Green,
For him your Wiſhes ſtrove;
And in each Look was plainly ſeen,
The partial Joy of Love.

When

When Conqueſt did his Proweſs crown,
And gave the Lawrel-Prize;
Reflected was the Triumph ſhewn,
And blazing in your Eyes.
When *Sukey* gave her Lilly Hand
To *Damon*, in the Dale;
Say, cou'd you then your Tears command?
Did not your Cheeks turn pale?

If *Damon* ſtrays but from your Sight,
You cry——"Sure W[illegible]rer's near:"
If preſent, then 'tis [illegible]light,
And Summer all the Year.
Then ſtrive no more to cheat the Youth,
But kindly own the Flame;
For Love conſiſts of honeſt Truth,
And will itſelf proclaim.

SONG XCVII.

DID you ſee e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, paſs this Way,
Crown'd with Myrtle, and all the gay Verdure of *May*?
'Tis my Shepherd, Oh! bring him once more to my Eyes,
From his *Lucy*, in Search of new Pleaſures, he flies.
All the Day how I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,
In Purſuit of a Rebel that's ſcarce worth the Pains.

Take Care, Maids, take Care, when he flatters and ſwears,
How you truſt your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears;

Like

Like the Roſe-bud in *June*, ev'ry Hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart like the Thorn out of Sight.
And, truſt me, whoe'er my falſe Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languiſh and ſigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind Word or a tender Reply;
Love, Honour, and Truth were the Themes that he ſung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a Kin to his Tongue.
Too ſoon I believ'd, and reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary and flung it away:
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as ſilly as I.
But truſt me, whoe'er my falſe Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her Pains.

Beware, all ye Nymphs, how ye ſooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the ſame;
Like *Strephon* from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, diſſemble and change.
And do all we can, ſtill this Maxim remains,
That a Man, when we've got him, is ſcarce worth the Pains.

SONG XCVIII.

Moderniz'd from CHAUCER.

FROM ſweet bewitching Tricks of Love,
Young Men your Hearts ſecure,
Leſt from the Paths of Senſe you rove,
In Dotage premature,
In Dotage premature.

Look

Look to each Laſs thro' Wiſdom's Glaſs,
Nor truſt the naked Eye:
Gallants beware, look ſharp, take care,
The Blind eat many a Fly,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Not only on their Hands and Necks
The borrow'd White you'll find;
Some Belles, when Intereſt directs,
Can even paint the Mind,
Can even paint, &c.
Joy in Diſtreſs they can expreſs,
Their very Tears can lye:
Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a Spinſter in the Realm
But all Mankind can cheat,
Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
The Learn'd, the Brave, the Great,
The Learn'd, &c.
With lovely Looks, and golden Hooks,
T' entangle us they try:
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made;
Was ev'ry ſingle Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade:
To write the Tricks of Half the Sex
Would ſuck that Ocean dry:
Gallants beware, look ſharp, take care,
The Blind eat many a Fly,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

SONG

SONG XCIX.

A PANEGYRICK *on the* LADIES:

Being *CHAUCER*'s Recantation for *The Blind eat many a Fly.*

RECITATIVE.

OLD *Chaucer* once to this re-ecchoing Grove
Sung 'Of the ſweet bewitching Tricks of Love;'
But ſoon he found he'd ſullied his Renown,
And arm'd each charming Hearer with a Frown:
Then ſelf-condemn'd anew his Lyre he ſtrung,
And in repentant Strains this Recantation ſung.

AIR.

Long ſince unto her native Sky
Fled Heav'n-deſcended Conſtancy;
Nought now that's ſtable's to be had,
The World's grown mutable and mad:
Save Women—they, we muſt confeſs,
Are Miracles of Stedfaſtneſs;
And ev'ry witty, pretty Dame,
Bears for her Motto—*Still the ſame.*

The Flow'rs that in the Vale are ſeen,
The white, the yellow, blue and green,
In brief Complexion idly gay
Still ſet with ev'ry ſetting Day;
Diſpers'd by Wind, or chill'd by Froſt,
Their Odours gone, their Colour loſt:
But what is true, tho' paſſing ſtrange,
The Women never—fade or change.

The wiſe Man ſaid that all was vain,
And Folly's univerſal Reign;

Wiſdom its Vot'ries oft enthralls,
Riches torment, and Pleaſure palls;
And 'tis, good Lack, a gen'ral Rule,
That each Man ſoon or late's a Fool:
In Women 'tis th' Exception lies,
For they are wondrous, wondrous Wiſe.

This earthly Ball with Noiſe abounds,
And from its Emptineſs it ſounds;
Fame's deaf'ning Din, the Hum of Men,
The Lawyer's Plea, the Poet's Pen:
But Women here no one ſuſpects,
Silence diſtinguiſhes that Sex;
For, poor dumb Things! ſo meek's their Mould,
You ſcarce can hear 'em——when they ſcold.

CHORUS.

An Hundred Mouths, an Hundred Tongues,
An Hundred Pair of Iron Lungs,
Five Heralds, and five Thouſand Cryers,
With Throats whoſe Accent never tires,
Ten ſpeaking Trumpets of a Size
Would Deafneſs with their Din ſurprize,
Your praiſe, ſweet Nymphs, ſhall ſing and ſay,
And thoſe that will believe it——may.

SONG C.

The TRIAL of *CHAUCER*'s GHOST.

Sung at Vaux-Hall *immediately after the* Recantation.

Miſs NORRIS.

THOU Traitor, who with the Fair Sex haſt made War,
Come hither, and hold up your Hand at the Bar:

By

By a Jury of Damſels you now muſt be try'd,
For having your Betters traduc'd and bely'd.

Miſs STEPHENSON.

How could'ſt thou ſuch baſe Defamation deviſe,
And not have the Fear of our Sex in your Eyes!
Is all Decency gone—all Good-breeding forgot?
Speak, Varlet, and plead—Art thou guilty or not?

Mr. LOWE.

Not guilty I plead——but ſubmit to the Laws,
And with Pleaſure I yield to theſe Fair Ones my Cauſe;
But ſtill, that my Trial more juſt may appear,
Speak louder and faſter, or how ſhould I hear?

Miſs NORRIS.

Haſt thou not preſum'd to alarm each bright Toaſt,
By the conjuring up of an old *Engliſh* Ghoſt;
And made fuſty *Chaucer*, without a Pretext,
Snarl poſthumous Nonſenſe againſt the Fair Sex?

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Haſt thou not preſum'd to alarm each bright Maid
With that Common-place Traſh, that each Virgin muſt fade;
And without Fear or Wit, moſt aſſuming and bold,
Haſt dar'd to ſuggeſt that we paint and we ſcold?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of Experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps ſuch ſtrange Falſhoods might drop from my Tongue;
But when I recanted for all my Sins paſt,
I thought I had made you Amends at the laſt.

Miſs NORRIS.

I'll promiſe you, Friend, you ſhall duly be paid
For the ample Amends that you lately have made:
I find by your Shuffling the whole Charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Ironical Wits, like Deſtroyers of Game,
When they hide in a Buſh, 'tis to take ſurer Aim—
By his Shuffling I find too the whole Charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I ſtand, and ſubmit to my Fate;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late:
If Death then, alas! is to be my Reward,
Why then I muſt die—but, by *Jove*, I'll die hard.

Miſs STEPHENSON.

Since to Lengths ſo unbounded his Malice he carried,
To hang him were Kindneſs——

Miſs NORRIS.

No, let him be married
To ſome muſty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will ſcold him——

Miſs STEPHENSON.

And beat him,

Miſs NORRIS.

And cuckold him too.

Both

Both together.

To ſome muſty old Maid, that's the De'il of a Shrew,
That will ſcold him, and beat him, and cuckold him too.

SONG CI.

WOULD you the charming Queen of Love
Invite with you to dwell?
No Want your Poverty ſhould prove,
No State your Riches tell.

Both her and Happineſs to hold,
A middle State muſt pleaſe;
They ſhun the Houſe that ſhines with Gold,
And that which ſhines with Greaſe.

SONG CII.

ON ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
Along the Margin of each Stream,
Dear conſcious Scenes of former Love,
I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme:
The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
But *Damon* there I ſeek in vain.

Now to the moſſy Cave I fly,
Where to my Swain I oft have ſung,
Well pleas'd the browſing Goats to ſpy,
As o'er the airy Steep they hung:
The moſſy Cave, the Goats remain,
But *Damon* there I ſeek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling Vale I paſs,
And ſigh to ſee the well-known Shade;
I weep, and kiſs the bended Graſs,
Where Love and *Damon* fondly play'd:

The Vale, the Shade, the Graſs remain,
But *Damon* there I ſeek in vain.

From Hill, from Dale each Charm is fled,
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains pleaſe no more;
Each Flow'r, in Pity, droops its Head,
All Nature does my Loſs deplore:
All, all reproach the faithleſs Swain,
Yet *Damon* ſtill I ſeek in vain.

SONG CIII.

Daphnis ſtood penſive in the Shade,
With Arms acroſs and Head reclin'd:
Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,
And Sighs reliev'd his love-ſick Mind:
His tuneful Pipe all broken lay;
Looks, Sighs, and Actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?
Ye Larks, ye Linnets, ceaſe your Strains;
I faintly hear, in your ſweet Notes,
My *Chloe*'s Voice, that wakes my Pains;
Yet why ſhould you your Song forbear?
Your Mates delight your Song to hear,
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely Dove,
Sweet Sounds broke gently thro' the Wood——
I feel the Sound my Heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the Nightingale that ſung;
No——'tis my *Chloe*'s ſweeter Tongue:
Hark! hark! what ſays my Love?

"How

" How fooliſh is the Nymph, ſhe cries,
" Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!
" Nature ſtill ſpeaks in Woman's Eyes,
" Our artful Lips were made to feign:
" O *Daphnis! Daphnis!* 'twas my Pride,
" 'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd;
" Come back, dear Youth, again.

" As t'other Day my Hand he ſeiz'd,
" My Blood with thrilling Motion flew;
" Sudden I put on Looks diſpleas'd,
" And haſty from his Hold withdrew:
" 'Twas Fear alone, thou ſimple Swain;
" Then hadſt thou preſs'd my Hand again,
" My Heart had yielded too.

" 'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
" That ſwell'd thy Lip and roſy Cheek:
" Think not my Skill in Song defam'd,
" That Lip ſhould other Pleaſures ſeek.
" Much, much thy Muſick I approve;
" Yet break thy Pipe——for more I love,
" Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

" My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
" *Daphnis* I fear is ever gone:
" Laſt Night with *Delia*'s Dog he play'd;
" Love by ſuch Trifles firſt comes on.
" Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
" My Tongue would now my Heart obey:
" Ah! *Chloe*, thou art won."

The Youth ſtepp'd forth, with haſty Pace,
And found where, wiſhing, *Chloe* lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay:

At laſt, in broken Words, ſhe cry'd,
" To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
" But I am loſt To-day."

SONG CIV.

AS *Damon* ſtood, in penſive Mood,
Amanda chanc'd to paſs:
Yet ſtill he ſtood, like Log of Wood,
Nor ſaw the buxom Laſs.
For him ſhe burns, and ſoon returns,
Reſolv'd to let him know
How dull he was, to let her paſs,
She gave his Arm a Blow.

The Swain amaz'd, in Silence gaz'd,
Awhile upon her Charms;
Then, bowing, ſaid, " Ah! lovely Maid,
" Come to my longing Arms:
" When you, my Dear, paſs'd by, I ſwear,
" On your bright Charms I thought;
" You muſt forgive, ſince, as I live,
" 'Twas you that caus'd the Fault."

SONG CV.

AH! *Strephon*, what can mean the Joy,
The eager Joy I prove,
When you each tender Art employ,
To win my Soul to Love?

So well your Paſſion you reveal,
So top the Lover's Part,
That I, with Bluſhes, own I feel
A Rebel in my Heart.

Then

Then take the Heart that pines to go,
  But ſee it kindly us'd;
For who ſuch Preſents will beſtow,
  If this ſhould be abus'd?

SONG CVI.

BElieve me, *Chloe*, and attend,
(My Tale may make you more my Friend)
Laſt Night, when Sleep had ſet me free
From every other Care but thee,
Methought at Morning's Dawn you came,
Your Dreſs, your Air the very ſame:
Surpriz'd, I had not what to ſay,
But Words, at laſt, thus found their Way.

" What means this Viſit, lovely Gueſt?
" Say, am I happy, or unbleſt?
" An Hour of Joy I ne'er can find,
" While you're relentleſs and unkind:
" Where-e'er the injur'd *Strephon* flies,
" Your much-lov'd Image meets my Eyes;
" You haunt the Grove and cryſtal Stream,
" My Thought by Day, by Night my Dream.

" Long Time my faithful Vows I made,
" No Kiſſes ſince thoſe Vows repaid;
" And yet I fondly held my Chain,
" With ſcarce a Smile to ſooth my Pain.
" Juſt as you look ſevere or gay,
" I hope or languiſh all the Day:
" But fix a Period to my Care,
" And take the ſoft complaining Air."

" I come, the gen'rous Fair reply'd,
" To crown with Love the Truth I've try'd:

" I ſcorn'd

" I ſcorn'd your Vows, and ſeem'd unkind,
" For falſe are Men, and Vows are Wind;
" Yet dare believe a Shepherd true,
" Who loves, who promiſes like you:
" My Heart ſhall now your Pains repay,
" And *Hymen* bind the Knot To-day."

SONG CVII.

STrephon, when you ſee me fly,
Why ſhould that your Fears create?
Maids may be as often ſhy
Out of Love, as out of Hate.
When from you I fly away,
'Tis becauſe I fear to ſtay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs would be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to ſhun!
Who could ſuch a Trial bear?
Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go,
Gentle Love commands my Stay;
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe:
Shall I this, or that, obey?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* ſmiles;
That befriends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this chryſtal Stream
I could ſit, and ſee thee ſigh;
Raviſh'd with this pleaſing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly:
But the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Feet.

If

If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me;
If you ſtay, I am undone:
Oh! you may with Eaſe deceive me;
Prithee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree that we muſt part;
They have my Vow, and you my Heart.

SONG CVIII.

WHEN *Orpheus* went down to the Regions below,
Which Men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his Lyre, as old Hiſtories ſhow,
To ſet his *Eurydice* free,
To ſet his *Eurydice* free.

All Hell was aſtoniſh'd a Perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his Life,
And venture ſo far—but how vaſt their Surprize,
When they heard that he came for his Wife!
When they heard, &c.

To find out a Puniſhment due to the Fault,
Old *Pluto* had puzzled his Brain;
But Hell had not Torments ſufficient he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again,
So he gave him, &c.

But Pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in Reward of his Art;
Such Power had Muſick in Hell!
Such Power had Muſick in Hell!

SONG

SONG CIX.

THE Tempeſt now began to ceaſe,
Serene the Sky appear'd;
The Winds and Waves were all at Peace,
Not the leaſt Noiſe was heard.

Adorn'd with each refulgent Ray
The ſetting Sun was ſeen,
And o'er the Surface of the Sea
Diffus'd a golden Gleam.

When *Sylvia* to the Shore retir'd,
Dejected laid along,
Thus ſung what Love and Grief inſpir'd,
While Rocks repeat the Song:

" O were this Calm, this lucid Scene,
" An Emblem of my Breaſt!
" O would the Tempeſt ceaſe within!
" I might again be bleſt.

" But Man! vain, wicked, faithleſs Man!
" Has robb'd my Soul of Peace;
" With Flattery firſt the Wretch began,
" And won my Heart with Eaſe.

" I; fooliſh I! his Vows believ'd,
" And thought them all ſincere:
" Be not the Fair by Men deceiv'd;
" Oh! truſt not what they ſwear.

" They ſmile, they weep, they ſigh, they pray;
" Wit, Eloquence, they uſe,
" And every Art, for to betray,
" And our fond Sex abuſe.

" This

" This I have found——but, Oh! too late!
" Too late for my Repoſe!
" For now I would, but cannot, hate
" The Author of my Woes.

" Still in my Breaſt the Tyrant reigns,
" And ſtill he triumphs there:
" Thus, thus oppreſs'd with endleſs Pains,
" What can I, but deſpair?

Then riſing, hopeleſs of Relief,
Nor ling'ring long ſhe ſtood;
" Death, Death (ſhe cry'd) ſhall end my Grief;"
And plung'd into the Flood.

SONG CX.

COME here, ye Afflicted of ev'ry Degree,
Leave, leave the dull Doctors, and haſten to me;
As many as all the whole Faculty kill,
And that's a bold Word now—I cure with my Pill.

Gout, Fever and Stone, all avoid my Approach,
Who often ſtand Buff to a Dunce in his Coach!
The tougheſt Diſeaſe cannot baffle my Skill,
And Death drops his Dart when I brandiſh my Pill.

Here lay down your Cares; here a Remedy find!
This cures not the Body alone, but the Mind:
The Fop ſhall have Learning, the Fool Wit at Will;
Nay, the Lawyer be honeſt—who taſtes of my Pill.

It rubs up the Memory, refreſhes the Brain,
And helps the mad Knave to his Senſes again:
The Poet remembers the Faults of his Quill,
And the Miſer his Debts, when he ſwallows my Pill.

In ſhort, 'tis a Wonder!——you've need of it all;
Health and Senſe to be bought, and the Price is but ſmall:
Give Six-pence a-piece, and I'll bring you no Bill;
But go Home and be happy, by Means of my Pill.

Here buy it; come buy, while it is to be had,
Or I'll freely beſtow it at once on the Dead:
Your Fathers ſhall riſe, and each cancel his Will;
Then you'll wiſh, tho' in vain, that you'd purchas'd my Pill.

SONG CXI.

THE Women all tell me I'm falſe to my Laſs,
That I quit my poor *Chloe*, and ſtick to my Glaſs;
But to you, Men of Reaſon, my Reaſons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare,
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair;
But Goodneſs and Charms in a Bumper I ſee,
That makes it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My *Chloe* had Dimples and Smiles I muſt own,
But tho' ſhe could ſmile, yet in Truth ſhe could frown;
But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a Frown in a Bumper of Wine?

Her Lillies and Roſes were juſt in their Prime,
Yet Lillies and Roſes are conquer'd by Time;
But in Wine from its Age ſuch a Benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They

They tell me my Love would in Time have been cloy'd,
And that Beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirſty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and Hiſtory prove
The Miſchiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love:
But in drinking, thank Heaven, no Rival contends,
For the more we love Liquor, the more we are Friends.

She too might have poiſon'd the Joy of my Life,
With Nurſes, and Babies, and Squalling, and Strife;
But my Wine neither Nurſes nor Babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We ſhorten our Days when with Love we engage;
It brings on Diſeaſes, and haſtens old Age:
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever falſe to her Word,
She had left me—to get an Eſtate, or a Lord:
But my Bumper, regarding nor Title, nor Pelf,
Will ſtand by me while I can't ſtand by myſelf.

Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain;
She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain;
For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I ſpy:
Should you doubt what I ſay—take a Bumper and try.

SONG CXII.

ADVICE to CLOE.

REmember, dear *Cloe*, I told you awhile,
For once I would write in poetical Stile;
In poetical Stile, to teach you the Way,
To make our Lives eaſy by Night and by Day.

Grave *Tully* and *Pliny* have aptly expreſs'd,
What they to their Paramours often addreſs'd;
Let me then with *Cloe* my Thoughts now unfold,
Extracted from Lovers and Sages of old.

If Eaſe be a Pleaſure, if Pleaſure be Peace,
We may our own Eaſe and our Pleaſures increaſe:
Firſt fathom thy Love then, and ſearch into mine,
And if they are equal, then let us conjoin.

If one be uneaſy, let t'other contrive
To drive away Chagrin, and keep Love alive;
Conſtrain not each other, for Liberty's free,
And if I love a Glaſs, you know there is Tea.

But let not Exceſs, though, in either appear,
For what ſtains a Moment may tinge the whole Year:
Then more than ſufficient is certainly wrong;
And, ſave this Precautiou, a Fig for my Song.

SONG CXIII.

WHEN *Delia* ſhews her beauteous Face,
Her Form divine, her heav'nly Air;
Loſt in Amaze, I wond'ring trace,
With longing Eyes, the charming Fair.

But

But when ſhe ſings, ye Pow'rs divine,
What ſoft Emotions ſeize my Soul!
Angels might in the Chorus join,
And ſpread her Notes from Pole to Pole.

With janty Air, and artful Wheels,
If *Delia* ſwims the myſtic Maze,
My Soul the Pow'r of Beauty feels,
Which graceful Motion more diſplays.

But when ſhe takes a nobler Theme,
And paints out Love in Strains ſo juſt,
My Thoughts beat Uniſon to them;
'Tis then my Soul is wholly loſt.

SONG CXIV.

The BLUNDERERS.

YOUNG *Civiana*, gay and fair,
Known for her Wit and well-bred Air,
A Viſit made one Day;
Where *Cymon*, with an aukward Mien,
Unluckily for him, came in,
His Folly to betray!

He bow'd and ſcrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,
But would all round ſalute the Fair,
Not only thoſe he knew,
The Viſited; but the gay Belle,
The Viſiter, Ah! Shame to tell!
The Blockhead kiſs'd her too.

And what was worſe, or was as bad,
The reſt, by his Example led,
Repeated the Affront:
The Laſs did her Reſentment ſhew,
She ſnapt her Fan, ſhe bent her Brow:
Such Rudeneſs, fye upon't!

Fair

Fair One, while thus your Anger burns,
If *Cymon* to the Place returns,
As ſoon, no doubt, he will;
Be there with twenty Virgins more,
For Kiſſes three inflict threeſcore,
But can't uſe him too ill.

Do, at the ſelf-ſame Time and Place,
That all may witneſs the Diſgrace,
Repeat the Puniſhment:
With throbbing Heart, the guilty Clown,
Shall your impartial Juſtice own,
And——ſit him down content.

SONG CXV.

THE Nymph who does my Soul alarm,
Poſſeſſes in her Boſom,
A Mind whoſe Pow'r preſerves the Charm,
Of Youth's endearing Bloſſom.
Such Worth muſt fix the Heart and Eye,
Each frozen Breaſt inſpiring,
With ſuch ſubſtantial, laſting Joy,
To live and die admiring.

When abſent from my Charmer's Sight,
Inferior Nymphs careſſing,
I taſte a tranſient, faint Delight,
Which palls in the poſſeſſing:
But, in the Heav'n of *Mira*'s Arms,
My raviſh'd Fancy traces,
Exhauſtleſs Pleaſures, endleſs Charms,
And never-fading Graces.

SONG

SONG CXVI.

NAture for thee has cull'd her Store,
Then why ſhould'ſt thou, fond Maid,
Pretend to make thy Beauty more,
In borrow'd Charms array'd ?

The radiant Plumes no more Delight,
Nor once our Thought employ ;
Whilſt thy own native Charms excite,
Our Wonder and our Joy.

Believe me, Nymph, their Glories fade,
Plac'd near thy brighter Eyes ;
Brilliants on you appear decay'd,
On others they'd ſurprize.

Since then Heav'n deck'd, you win all Hearts,
Make Dreſs no more your Care ;
To meaner Beauties leave thoſe Arts,
Which you ſo well can ſpare.

SONG CXVII.

WHerever I'm going, and all the Day long,
At Home and Abroad, or alone in a Throng,
I find that my Paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your Name when I'm ſilent ſtill runs in my Song,
Sing Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora,
A Kiſs of your ſweet Lips for me.

Since the firſt Time I ſaw you I take no Repoſe,
I ſleep all the Day to forget Half my Woes ;
So hot is the Flame in my Boſom that glows,
By St. *Patrick*, I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths,
Sing Balin a mona ora, &c.
Your pretty black Hair for me.

In

In my Conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my Grave,
Unleſs you comply and poor *Phelim* will ſhave,
And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
Who never was free 'till you made him your Slave,
Sing Balin a mona ora, &c.
Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On that happy Day when I make you my Bride,
With a ſwinging long Sword how I'll ſtrut and I'll ſtride?
With Coach and Six Horſes with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side,
Sing Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora, Balin a mona ora,
Your lilly white Fiſt for me.

SONG CXVIII.

YE Swain that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Tho' ſmall Experience I've had,
I'll give you good Counſel, and free.
The Women are changeable Things,
And ſeldom a Moment the ſame;
As Time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But he who in Love would ſucceed,
And his Miſtreſs's Favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is ſerene:
There's a Seaſon to conquer the Fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay:
To catch the Occaſion take Care;
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll aſſay.

SONG

SONG CXIX.

THO' cruel Fate my Wiſh denies,
And ſhuts thee from my longing Eyes,
The glad Remembrance of thy Charms,
My Heart with tend'reſt Tranſport warms,
And leaves thine Image in my Breaſt,
With Mark indelible impreſt.

Tho' all the Pow'rs around us join
To ſhake thy Love, or alter mine;
Tho' Nature change her wonted Courſe,
And filial Tears ſhould loſe their Force;
Tho' tend'reſt Parents Tyrants prove,
Yet ſtill, my *Mira*, ſtill I'd love.

Tho' Av'rice (curſed Bane of Peace)
Should keep me from my Happineſs,
Yet ſtill my Love ſhould follow thee,
From ev'ry baſe Suſpicion free:
My Heart ſhould adverſe Fate defy,
And triumph in thy Conſtancy.

Tho' all the num'rous Train of Woes
That Love inflicts, or Abſence knows,
Should be my Lot; and made compleat
By this the laſt, but heavieſt Weight;
Bar up each Avenue, and deny
The poor Indulgence of a Sigh.

Should any dare the Hand of Heav'n,
To force you where no Vows are giv'n,
Yet ſtill I'd keep my Prize in View,
Would ſtill my leading Star purſue;
In artleſs Numbers make my Moan,
And thus purſue thee, tho' unknown.

Oh!

Oh! *Love*, inſtruct her willing Eyes,
To trace me thro' this dark Diſguiſe,
To view my Paſſion, void of Art,
And all the Meltings of my Heart:
Then her own Sufferings will incline,
By Sympathy, to think on mine.

SONG CXX.

FOrgive, thou faireſt of thy Kind,
Forgive thy wretched Swain;
Who, while thy Charms diſtract his Mind,
Preſumes to tell his Pain:
While others Beauties I rever'd,
Amuſement 'twas to me;
For ſtill ſome kind Defect appear'd,
And I again was free.

With Wonder *Sylvia*'s Eyes I view'd,
But felt not long the Smart;
For, when I found the ſullen Prude,
I ſoon recall'd my Heart.
I bleſs'd her Voice, when *Sapho* ſung;
Can only Muſick kill?
Paſtora's Beauty pleaded ſtrong,
But Wit was wanting ſtill.

Thou, *Celia*, only art deſign'd,
To keep a Lover true;
Thy ev'ry Charm of Face and Mind,
Muſt ev'ry Heart ſubdue.
To ſome a beauteous Form is given;
To others Wit or Air:
But thou, O why ſo partial Heaven!
Do'ſt all together ſhare.

SONG

SONG CXXI.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Paſſion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my *Peggy*.
Far greater Bards the Lyre ſhou'd hit,
For ſay what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling Wit
And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*?

The Sun firſt riſing in the Morn,
That pain's the Dew-beſpangled Thorn,
Does not ſo much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely *Peggy*:
And when, in *Thetis'* Lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with Gold the ruddy Weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous as undreſt
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When *Zephyr* on the Vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Roſe,
It does not Half the Sweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
I ſtole a Kiſs the other Day,
And truſt me (nought but Truth I ſay)
The Fragrance of the blooming *May*
Is not ſo ſweet as *Peggy*.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic Weed,
With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten Reed,
To pleaſe my lovely *Peggy*.
With her a Cottage wou'd delight;
All's happy when ſhe's in my Sight,
But when ſhe's gone 'tis endleſs Night,
All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r ſhall rove,
And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
Or ſtately Swans the Waters love,
So long ſhall I love *Peggy*.
And when Death with his pointed Dart
Shall ſtrike the Blow that rives my Heart,
My Words ſhall be, when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*.

SONG CXXII.

MUSICK, how powerful is thy Charm?
That can the fierceſt Grief diſarm;
Calm Paſſions in a ruffled Breaſt,
And lull e'en Jealouſy to reſt;
With am'rous Thoughts the Soul inſpire,
Or kindle up a War-like Fire,
So great is Muſic's Pow'r!

Amphion, with his tuneful Lyre,
Cou'd Rocks remove and Stones inſpire,
Command a City to ariſe,
Make lofty Buildings touch the Skies,
While Stones obedient to his Call
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a Wall,
So great, &c.

Arion, from his Veſſel caſt,
In Safety o'er the Billows paſt;
For mounting like the Ocean's God,
Upon a Dolphin's Back he rode,
While Shoals of Fiſhes flock'd around,
And pleas'd drank in th' enchanting Sound,
So great, &c.

When *Orpheus* thro' Hell's dreary Coaſt
Was ſeeking for his Conſort loſt,

His Muſick drew the Ghoſts along,
And Furies liſten'd to his Song;
His Song cou'd *Charon*'s Rage diſarm,
And *Pluto* and his Conſort charm,
So great, &c.

Inflam'd by Muſick, Soldiers fight;
Inſpir'd by Muſick, Poets write:
Muſick can heal the Lover's Wound,
And calm fierce Rage by gentle Sound:
Philoſophy attempts in vain
What Muſick can with Eaſe attain,
So great is Muſic's Pow'r!

SONG CXXIII.

CHASTE *Lucretia*, when you left me,
You of all that's dear bereft me,
Tho' I ſhew'd no Diſcontent:
Grief is ſtrongeſt,
And the longeſt,
When too great to find a Vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguiſh,
When we moſt in Secret languiſh!
Silent Streams are deepeſt found:
Noiſy grieving
Is deceiving;
Empty Veſſels make moſt Sound.

Had I Words that cou'd reveal it,
Yet I wiſely wou'd conceal it,
Tho' the Queſtion be but fair:
Grief and Merits,
Love and Spirits,
Always loſe by taking Air.

Guardian Angels ſtill defend you,
And ſurprizing Joys attend you,
Whilſt I'm like the Winter Sun,
Faintly ſhining,
And declining,
Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG CXXIV.

COME, take your Glaſs, the Northern Laſs,
So prettily adviſ'd;
I drank her Health, and really was
Agreeably ſurpriz'd:
Her Shape ſo neat, her Voice ſo ſweet,
Her Air and Mien ſo free;
The *Siren* charm'd me from my Meat,
But take your Drink, ſaid ſhe.

If from the North ſuch Beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my Breaſt that glowing Flame
No Tongue can e'er reveal?
Tho' cold and raw the North Wind blow,
All Summer's on her Breaſt;
Her Skin is like the driven Snow,
But Sunſhine all the reſt.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it ſeems;
That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in Extremes:
Then, like our genial Wine, ſhe'll charm
With Love my panting Breaſt;
Me, like our Sun, her Heart ſhall warm,
Be Ice to all the reſt.

SONG

SONG CXXV.

KIND God of Sleep, ſince it muſt be
That we reſign ſome Hours to thee,
Invade me not whilſt the full Bowl
Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul:
Then only I thy Aid implore,
When I can laugh and drink no more;
Short, very ſhort, be then thy Reign,
I haſte to laugh and drink again.

But, Oh! if melting in my Arms,
The Nymph ador'd, with all her Charms,
In ſome ſoft Dream ſhou'd me ſurprize,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, prithee ſtay,
And ſlowly, ſlowly bring the Day.
If Fancy can ſuch Bliſs beſtow,
Who wou'd not be deluded ſo?

SONG CXXVI.

WHY, cruel Creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move;
Beauty ſhou'd have no other Bait,
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay;
A Thouſand Worlds too few.

But if a Paſſion without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe or Art,
Ah, *Cælia!* if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG CXXVII.

WHILE *Strephon* on fair *Chloe* hung,
And gently woo'd, and ſweetly ſung;
The Nymph, in a diſdainful Air,
Thus ſmiling mock'd the Shepherd's Care:

Swain, I know that you diſcover
In my Form a Thouſand Charms;
Can you point me out a Lover
Worthy my encircling Arms?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit boaſt;
To adore me is a Duty,
Thouſands witneſs to their Coſt.

Stung to the Heart, the redd'ning Swain
On the vain Maid retorts again:

Fooliſh Creature, did each Feature
Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature,
Artful feigning, coy diſdaining,
Vain Coquet, deſtroy them all;
Go, o'er-bearing, proud, inſnaring,
Lay a Thouſand Fops deſpairing,
Then complying, ſighing, dying,
To ſome Fool a Victim fall.

Nymphs like you, while they're deceiving,
Angels all in Front appear;
But the Sot their Arts believing,
But the Sot their Arts believing,
Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG

SONG CXXVIII.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

With Paſſions unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare:
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but Folly and Care.

The Bleſſings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
While ſweet Meditation and chearful Content
Shall make me both healthly and wiſe.

In the Pleaſures the great Man's Poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
The Many their Labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG CXXIX.

WHEN Night had ſet the World to Reſt,
And Mortals Cares appeas'd,
Strait was my longing faithful Breaſt
With *Cælia*'s Image ſeiz'd.
Sad ſhe appear'd, yet ſmiling too;
Willing, and yet afraid:
She bluſh'd, and knew not what to do,
But thus ſhe ſighing ſaid: "Ceaſe,

" Ceaſe, *Strephon*, ceaſe, it muſt not be,
" In vain you weep and ſigh;
" Talk not of Love or Flames to me,
" For I muſt ſtill deny:
" Do but this wither'd Roſe-bud ſee,
" How dead it does appear;
" Before 'twas gather'd from the Tree,
" You thought it freſh and fair.

" Falſe Men, who ſtudied treach'rous Arts,
" Fond Innocence betray;
" They talk of Charms, and Flames, and Darts,
" But mean not what they ſay.
" Yet, Ah! could *Strephon* faithful prove,
" And conſtant to theſe Charms:"
" No more, ſaid I, no more, my Love,"
And claſp'd her in my Arms.

SONG CXXX.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damask Roſe;
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Air when *Zephyr* blows;
Refreſhing as deſcending Rains,
To Sun-burnt Climes and thirſty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Conſtant as gliding Waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon;
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues:
Sweet *Philomel* in ſhady Bow'rs
Of verdant Spring her Notes renews: All

All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies:
No change in Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
Ev'n Marble Tow'rs, and Walls of Braſs,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Bleſs'd above;
Where, known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a laſting Reſt from Pain.

Love, and his Siſter fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from Heav'n together came:
Love will the Univerſe controul,
When dying Seaſons loſe their Name:
Divine Abodes ſhall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death ſhall be no more.

SONG CXXXI.

ASK me not how calmly I,
All the Cares of Life defy;
How I baffle human Woes,
Woman, Woman, Woman knows.

You

You may live and laugh as I:
You, like me, may Care defy;
All the Pangs the Heart endures,
Woman, Woman, Woman cures.

Ask me not of empty Toys,
Feats of Arms and drunken Joys;
I have Pleaſure more divine,
Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.
Raptures more than Folly know,
More than Fortune can beſtow;
Flowing Bowls and conquer'd Fields,
Woman, Woman, Woman yields.

Ask me not of Woman's Arts,
Broken Vows, and faithleſs Hearts;
Tell the Wretch that pines and grieves,
Woman, Woman, Woman lives.
All Delights the Heart can know,
More than Folly can beſtow;
Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

SONG CXXXII.

'TWAS in the Bloom of *May*,
When Odours breathe around;
When Nymphs are blythe and gay,
And all in Mirth abound;
That happily I ſtray'd,
To view my fleecy Care:
Where I beheld a Maid,
No Mortal e'er ſo fair.

She wore upon her Head,
A Bonnet made of Straw,
Which ſuch a Face did ſhade,
As *Phœbus* never ſaw; Her

Her Locks of Nut-brown Hue,
A round-ear'd Coif conceal'd;
Which to my pleaſing View,
A ſporting Breeze reveal'd.

Around her ſlender Waiſte,
A Scrip embroider'd hung;
A Lute her Fingers grac'd,
Accompany'd with her Tongue;
With ſuch a pleaſing Note,
Cuzzoni might regale,
Or *Philomela*'s Throat,
That warbles thro' the Vale.

Not long I ſtood in View,
Struck with her heav'nly Air;
I to the Charmer flew,
And caught my yielding Fair.
Hear this, you ſcornful *Belles*,
And milder Ways purſue;
She that in Charms excels,
Excels in Kindneſs too.

SONG CXXXIII.

ATTEND, ye ever tuneful Swains,
That in melodious lulling Strains,
Of *Chloe* ſing or *Phillis*;
Tho' weak my Skill, tho' rude my Verſe,
Upbraid me not whilſt I rehearſe,
The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought,
No Simile ſhall here be brought,
From Roſes, Pinks or Lillies.
Some meaner Beauties they may hit,
But ſure no Simile can fit,
The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

A Simile

A Simile to match her Hair,
Her lovely Forehead high and fair,
Beyond my greateſt Skill is;
How then, ye Gods! can be expreſt,
The Eyes, the Lips, the heaving Breaſt,
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like *Venus* on the Flood,
Or as ſhe once on *Ida* ſtood,
Nor mortal *Amarillis*;
Frame all that's lovely, bright and fair,
Of pleaſing Shape, and killing Air;
And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' Time her Charms may wear away,
All Beauty muſt in Time decay;
Yet in her Pow'r there ſtill is,
A Charm which ſhall for Life endure,
I mean the ſpotleſs Mind and pure
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

SONG CXXXIV.

MY *Delia*, unveil thoſe bright Eyes,
And view the Delights of the Spring;
The Sun has illumin'd the Skies;
The Sky-Lark is now on the Wing:
The Shepherds their Cottages leave,
And *Zephyr* ſoft Gales does diſcloſe;
Then ſome of the Odours receive,
Which *Flora* now kindly beſtows.

Tho' Beauties around me do throng,
And Flowers now gayly appear;
Regardleſs I ſtill paſs along,
They charm not till *Delia* is here:

Then,

Then, beauteous *Delia*, ariſe,
And haſte with your *Strephon* away;
Inſpect both the Earth and the Skies;
The Wonders of Nature ſurvey.

SONG CXXXV.

FLY, Care, to the Winds thus I blow thee away;
I'll drown thee in Wine, if thou dar'ſt but to ſtay:
With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raiſe,
I'll laugh, and I'll ſing, all the reſt of my Days.

Great *Bacchus* this Moment adopts me his Son,
And brightens my Fancy with Tranſports unknown:
The ſparkling Liquor new Vigour ſupplies,
And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wiſe.

Then, dull ſober Mortals, be happy with me;
Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree,
Will open your Eyes to ſee *Phillis*'s Charms,
And, her Coyneſs waſh'd down, ſhe will fly to your Arms.

SONG CXXXVI.

The ROVER *Fixt.*

MY youthful Heart, an eaſy Prize,
Was firſt enſlav'd by *Sally*'s Eyes,
With ev'ry Glance enchanted:
And, tho' the Rapture fir'd my Soul,
With aukward Air each Kiſs I ſtole,
Nor knew the Bliſs I wanted.

To Study then I flew for Aid,
But there too ſoon ſoft Thoughts invade,

And taint my Inclinations.
Why did ye, Gods, ſuch Warmth impart?
Why form my unreſiſting Heart
A Slave to all the Paſſions?

Doom'd ſtill a Dupe to giddy Love,
Falſe *Sukey*'s Charms I needs muſt prove,
And ruſh'd to my Undoing;
For, Oh! too ſoon the gentle Flame,
A wild, deſtructive Fire became,
And hurr'y me to Ruin.

Then Short and Tall, and Brown and Fair,
By Turns, my am'rous Moments ſhare,
Unfix'd as *April* Weather:
Nor wou'd my Heart ſubmit t' entreat
A ſingle Nymph, but proudly beat
For all the Sex together.

At length I *Jenny* chanc'd to ſee,
Like gentle Nature fair and free,
And was again unhearted:
To her the little Flutt'rer flew,
And grafted to her Boſom grew,
Nor can from thence be parted.

SONG CXXXVII.

'TILL t'other Day my Heart was free,
But now it wears a Chain;
Then, *Chloe*, as I ſigh for thee,
Let me not ſigh in vain.
For thee a Garland I will braid,
And deck thy lovely Brow;
Then ſhalt thou ſay, O! charming Maid,
Thy *Damon* is moſt true.

With

With thee I'll feed our fleecy Care,
And trip it o'er the Plain;
And, when the Gloom of Night draws near,
Thou ſhalt reward my Pain:
In Extacy we'll paſs the Night,
And both in one be bleſt;
Each Moment taſte a new Delight,
Then ſink, and die to Reſt.

SONG CXXXVIII.

ROGER *of the Dale.*

YE gentle Winds that fan the Sea,
And wave the fragrant Bower,
Bear hence my Sighs, and haſte to me
The Swain whom I adore.
In vain fair *Flora* ſpreads her Charms
O'er ev'ry Hill and Vale,
While abſent from my longing Arms
Is *Roger* of the Dale.

Let wanton Nymphs and Swains employ,
In ſenſual Love, their Days;
While I my darling Youth enjoy
In Virtue's ſmiling Rays.
Take all the falſe Delights of Courts,
Each glitt'ring Beau and Belle;
Give me, with harmleſs rural Sports,
My *Roger* of the Dale.

SONG CXXXIX.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
To reſiſt the tender Dart,
For Examples move us never,
We muſt feel, to know the Smart.

When the Shepherd ſwears he's dying,
And our Beauty ſets to View,
Vanity, her Aid ſupplying,
Bids us think—'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild, deceitful Strain;
Frowning Truth our Sex diſpleaſes,
Flatt'ry never ſues in vain.
Soon, to ſoon, the happy Lover,
Will our tend'reſt Hopes deceive;
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Fooliſh Woman to believe.

SONG CXL.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe*'s falſe and common;
I always knew, at leaſt believ'd,
She was a very Woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd;
She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, Oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you'll think a hard Thing;
Perhaps ſhe thinks yourſelf the Man,
And what care I one Farthing.
You ſay ſhe's falſe; I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better Bargain?

SONG CXLI.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep! alone
Is owing all our Peace;
By thee our Joys are height'ned ſhown;
By thee our Sorrows ceaſe.

The

The Nymph whoſe Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd;
By thee obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bleſt.

O ſtay! *Arpaſia* bids thee ſtay,
The ſadly weeping Fair,
Conjures thee not to loſe in Day,
The Object of her Care.

To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe ſought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep:
Thus, by ourſelves, are oft'neſt wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CXLII.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I choſe,
The Violet ſweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappled Pink, and bluſhing Roſe,
To deck my charming *Chloe*'s Hair.
At Morn the Nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath:
The Flow'rs, leſs blooming than her Face,
The Scent, leſs fragrant than her Breath.

The Flow'rs ſhe wore along the Day,
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd ſaid,
That in her Hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native Bed.
Undreſs'd at Evening, when ſhe found
Their Odours paſt, their Colour loſt;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland, and her Eye ſhe caſt.

That Eye drop'd Senſe, diſtinct and clear
As any Muſes Tongue could ſpeak;
When, from its Lid, a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
" My Love! my Life! ſaid I, explain
" That Change of Humour? prithee tell,
" That falling Tear, what can it mean?"

She ſigh'd, ſhe ſmil'd, and to the Flowers
Pointing, the lovely Mor'liſt ſaid,
" See, Friend, in ſome few fleeting Hours,
" See yonder, what a Change is made!
" Ah! me, the blooming Pride of *May*,
" And that of Beauty are but one;
" At Morn, both flouriſh bright and gay;
" Both fade at Evening, pale and gone.

" At Dawn, poor *Stella* danc'd and ſung,
" The am'rous Youths around her bow'd;
" At Night, her fatal Knell was rung;
" I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her Shroud.
" Such as ſhe is, who dy'd To-day,
" Such I, alas! may be To-morrow:
" Go, *Damon*, bid thy Muſe diſplay,
" The Juſtice of thy *Chloe*'s Sorrow."

SONG CXLIII.

O! Pity *Collin*, cruel Fair,
Think on his Sighs and Tears:
His Sighs, regardleſs as the Air,
And without Hope, his Tears.
Collin was once the happieſt Swain,
That e'er in *Albion* dwelt;
He laugh'd at Love, and mock'd at Pain,
Love's Pangs he ne'er had felt.

The neighb'ring Nymphs had often try'd,
With Love, to lure the Swain;
But he as oft' their Suit deny'd;
For Love, return'd Diſdain: But,

But, Ah! how chang'd his former State,
With folded Arms he walks,
Upbraids the Gods, and curſes Fate,
And like a Madman talks.

Nor can ſoft Muſick's flatt'ring Charms,
Give now the leaſt Delight;
No more the Bowl his Boſom warms,
Nor rural Sports invite.
Relent, fair Maid, ere *Collin* dies,
Let him not mourn in vain
His hopeleſs Love, regardleſs Sighs,
And unrewarded Pain.

SONG CXLIV.

WHEN Morn her Sweets ſhall firſt unfold,
And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold,
On tufted Green, O let me play,
And welcome up the jocund Day.
Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
Ariſe, my Fair, ariſe, and prove
The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
The beſt of Bleſſings here below.

To ſome clear River's verdant Side,
Do thou my happy Footſteps guide;
In Concert with the purling Stream,
We'll ſing, and Love ſhall be the Theme.
Ere Night aſſumes her gloomy Reign,
And Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
We'll to ſome ſilent Shade repair,
For Peace and Pleaſure wait us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Court,
And little Loves inceſſant ſport;
Around the winn ing Graces wait,
And calm Contentment guards the Seat:

There, loſt in Extacies of Joy,
While tend'reſt Scenes our Thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the Hour our Love begun,
The happy Moment made us one.

SONG CXLV.

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happieſt Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
Yet ſee the Effects of Love!
Depriv'd of all his former Reſt,
Shun'd Company, with Grief oppreſt,
And ſought the thickeſt Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all ſtrove to find
What 'twas diſturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,
But when they begg'd to know,
He only ſhook his drooping Head,
And ſighing mournfully, he ſaid,
" My Fate will have it ſo."

Myrtilla, hearing of his Woes,
Came to, and kindly ask'd the Cauſe
Of all his mighty Pain:
The Youth, tranſported and amaz'd
To hear her charming Voice, ſoon rais'd
His Head, and thus began:

" I love, but 'tis a Nymph ſo fair,
" That I of all Succeſs deſpair,
" And nought expect but Scorn;
" And, Oh! forgive, ſince ask'd by you,
" If farther I my Tale purſue,
" And ſay, for you I burn."

The Nymph then bluſh'd, and ſmiling, ſaid,
" And is it thus you court a Maid,

" With

" With ſighing and with pining?
" In Love, the want of Confidence,
" Is worſe by Half than want of Senſe;
" Riſe, Man, and leave your wining."

SONG CXLVI.

ENrag'd with *Delia*'s coy Diſdain,
Deſpairing *Damon* ſwore,
He'd now diſpel his am'rous Pain,
Nor think of Woman more;
But firſt each Pledge of former Love,
Each Preſent he'd reclaim:
Then haſtens to the neighb'ring Grove,
And thus addreſs'd the Dame:

" Falſe Fair, thou know'ſt that taper Crook,
" That faithful Dog that guards thy Flock,
" That Scrip too, once were mine;
" But ſince my Love unheeded dies,
" Since you no more the Giver prize,
" His Love and Gifts reſign."

With milder Mien and ſmoother Brow,
And well diſſembled Sighs,
The Fair One meets the Shepherd now,
And, bluſhing, thus replies:

" Whate'er thy fickle Fondneſs gave,
" Thine Av'rice back again ſhall have;
" But, Oh! remember, Swain,
" With ev'ry Gift a Kiſs you join'd,
" Be then thoſe Kiſſes now reſign'd,
" Nor will I aught retain."

Thus ſaying, to the Youth ſhe flew,
Around his Neck her Arms ſhe threw,

Her

Her Lips to his applied;
Her ſwelling Boſom preſs'd to his,
Infus'd her Soul at ev'ry Kiſs,
And quite forgot her Pride.

With Raptures joyful *Damon* hears,
His Bliſs too great to bear;
Then thus, with faul'ring Voice, he chears
The penitential Fair:

" Forgive, my Love! my Life! my Joy!
" Forgive thy rude, ill-manner'd Boy,
" Who dar'd his Griefs diſplay;
" My Crook, my Flock, my All, be thine;
" Let this, my Fair, be only mine;
" To love and to obey."

SONG CXLVII.

FROM tyrant Laws and Cuſtoms free,
We follow ſweet Variety;
By Turns we drink, and dance, and ſing,
Love for ever on the Wing.

Why ſhould niggard Rules controul,
Tranſports of the jovial Soul?
No dull ſtinting Hour we own,
Pleaſure counts our Time alone.

SONG CXLVIII.

THE wanton God, that pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts;
But the Nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with roſy Wine.
Farewell Lovers when they're cloy'd;
If I am ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd,
Sure the ſqueamiſh Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company.

They

They have Charms whilſt mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my Eaſe;
No jealous Fears my Love moleſt,
No faithleſs Vows ſhall break my Reſt.

Why ſhould they e'er give me Pain,
Who to give me Joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal Man
Is to love me whilſt he can.

SONG CXLIX.

WOU'D you taſte the Noon-tide Air?
To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
Where woven with the Poplar Bough
The mantling Vine will ſhelter you.

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the moſſy Ground,
Sultry *Phœbus* ſcorching round.

Round the languid Herds and Sheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny Hillocks ſleep,
While on the Hyacinth and Roſe
The Fair does all alone repoſe:

All alone——and in her Arms
Your Breaſt may beat to Love's Alarms;
Till bleſs'd, and bleſſing, you ſhall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

SONG CL.

Advice to the FAIR.

HE.

HArk, hark, o'er the Plains how the merry Bells ring,
Aſleep while my Charmer is laid;
Aſleep while my Charmer, *&c.*
The Village is up and the Day on the Wing,
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid,

My

My poor Girl, my poor Girl;
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid;
My poor Girl,
And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid.

SHE.

'Tis hardly yet Day and I cannot away;
Oh! *Damon*, I'm young and afraid;
Ah! *Damon*, I'm young, &c.
To-morrow, my Dear, I'll to Church without Fear,
But let me To-night lie a Maid,
My dear Boy, &c.

HE.

The Bride-Maids are met, and Mamma's on the fret;
All, all my coy *Phillis* upbraid;
All, all my coy *Phillis*, &c.
By Midnight, my Dear, ſhall be eas'd of her Fear,
Nor grieve ſhe's no longer a Maid,
My poor Girl, &c

SHE.

Dear Shepherd forbear, and To-morrow I ſwear;
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
To-morrow I'll not, &c.
I'll open the Door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a Maid,
My dear Boy, &c.

HE.

No, no *Phillis*, no, on that Boſom of Snow,
To-night ſhall your Shepherd be laid;
To-night ſhall, &c.
Faſt lock'd in his Arms, you ſhall yield up your Charms,
Nor wiſh to live longer a Maid,
My dear Girl, &c.

SHE

SHE.

Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,
'Twas *Damon* his Bliſs that delay'd;
'Twas *Damon*, &c.
To Church let us go, and if there I ſay, No;
O then let me die an old Maid,
My dear Boy, &c.

DUET and CHORUS.

Away then, away; and to Love give the Day:
Ye Nymphs let Example perſuade:
Ye Nymphs let Example, &c.
Let Beauty be kind, when the Swain's in the Mind;
'Tis fooliſh to die an old Maid,
My dear Girl, my dear Girl;
'Tis fooliſh to die an old Maid,
My dear Girl;
'Tis fooliſh to die an old Maid.

SONG CLI.

I Tell with equal Truth and Grief,
That *Chloe* is an arrant Thief:
Before the Urchin well could go,
She ſtole the Whiteneſs of the Snow;
And more that Whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the Bluſhes of the Morn.

She pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teeth,
And ſtole the Cow's ambroſial Breath;
The Cherry, ſteep'd in Morning-Dew,
Gave Moiſture to her Lips and Hue:
Theſe were her infant Spoils, a Store,
To which in Time ſhe added more.

At Twelve ſhe ſtole from *Cyprus'* Queen
Her Air and Love-commanding Mien;

Stole

Stole *Juno*'s Dignity, and ſtole
From *Pallas* Senſe to charm the Soul:
Apollo's Wit was next her Prey;
Her next, the Beam that lights the Day.

There's no repeating all her Wiles;
She ſtole the Graces winning Smiles:
She ſung, amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,
And to aſſert their Voice appear'd:
She play'd, the Muſes from their Hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their Skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day ſhe ſtole my Heart.
If Lovers, *Cupid*, are thy Care,
Exert thy Vengeance on the Fair;
To Trial bring her ſtolen Charms,
And let her Priſon be——my Arms.

SONG CLII.

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming Fair,
First met my raviſh'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air
I felt a ſtrange Delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
Ten thouſand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roſes newly blown.

Her

Her well-turn'd Limbs confeſs
  The lucky Hand of *Jove*;
Her Features all expreſs
  The beauteous Queen of Love;
What Flames my Nerves invade,
  When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too charming Maid
  Riſe ſuing to be preſt?

Venus round *Fanny*'s Waiſt
  Has her own Ceſtus bound,
With guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
  Who ſport the Circle round:
How happy will he be
  Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe!
That Bliſs to all but me
  May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

SONG CLIII.

FAME's an Echo, prattling double,
  An empty, airy, glitt'ring Bubble;
A Breath can ſwell, a Breath can ſink it,
The Wiſe not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why ſuch Toil and Pain,
Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?
Like her Siſter Fortune blind,
To the beſt ſhe's oft unkind,
And the worſt her Favour find.

SONG CLIV.

BEHOLD the ſweet Flow'rs around,
  With all the bright Beauties they wear;
Yet none on the Plain can be found,
  So lovely as *Cælia* is fair.
Ye Warblers, come raiſe your ſweet Throats;
  No longer in Silence remain;
O lend a fond Lover your Notes,
  To ſoften my *Cælia*'s Diſdain.

Oft Times in yon flow'ry Vale,
I breathe my Complaint in a Song;
Fair *Flora* attends the ſoft Tale,
And ſweetens the Borders along:
But, *Celia*, whoſe Breath might perfume,
The Boſom of *Flora* in *May*;
Still frowning, pronounces my Doom,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

SONG CLV.

IF ever blooming Beauty warm'd,
And with its ſofteſt Luſtre charm'd,
'Tis in this happy Day;
When in this Mirror, the fair Maid,
Her radiant Charms to Sight diſplay'd,
With conſcious Beauty's gay.

With thoſe bright Eyes for Love deſign'd,
Content your youthful harmleſs Mind,
And pleas'd in Triumph ſmile;
Yet fear, leſt *Venus*, Queen of Love,
Who ſports with Men and Gods above,
Intends ſome hidden Guile.

'Twas thus *Narciſſus*, who had gain'd
The Nymph's Affection, he diſdain'd,
His wat'ry Image ſees;
His haughty Heart to all beſide,
Humbles to his own Charms its Pride,
And now's the Prey of Bees.

Leſs charming far than you, yet vain,
His Beauty could his Pride maintain,
The Victim of its Blaze:
But had he ſeen your potent Charms,
Which fill my Breaſt with ſweet Alarms,
He had adorn'd your Rays.

More beautiful than he, be ſure,
There nothing e'er the Wound can cure,
Of your victorious Eyes;
Then gaze on ſtill, with Wonder gaze,
While the bright Glaſs your Charms diſplays,
And in Self-Glory riſe.

But if Self-adoration's Pow'r
Cou'd change *Narciſſus* to a Flow'r,
Be of his Lot aware;
An equal Fate ſuch Charms attends,
You'll diſappoint your Lovers, Friends,
And bleſs like him the Air.

Yet I, whoſe Breaſt ſoft Pleaſures move,
Muſt make this Pray'r to Pow'rs above,
To be a *Zephyr* gay;
And when you all your Charms diſcloſe,
And emulate the blooming Roſe,
In your ſweet Foliage play.

With Rapture in each gentle Gale,
I would the fragrant Sweets inhale,
That fill the Circuit round;
I'd on your Beauties ever gaze,
Content my Love ten Thouſand Ways,
And circle the bleſt Ground.

SONG CLVI.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone aſtray,
The little Wand'rer loſt her Way,
In gathering Flow'rs the other Day:
Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.
Ah! lead her Home, ye gentle Swains,
Who know an abſent Lover's Pains,
And bring me ſafely o'er the Plains
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind,
And if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
I'll give you certain Marks to find,
My *Phillis*, &c.
Whene'er a charming Form you ſee,
Serenely grave, ſedately free,
And mildly gay, it muſt be ſhe,
'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, or Half undreſs'd,
But under Cover lightly preſs'd,
In ſecret plays the little Breaſt,
Of *Phillis*, &c.
When ſuch a heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a *Dryade* near;
Ah! ſeize her, and bring Home my Dear,
'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whoſe Perſon void of Art,
Has e'ery Grace in e'ery Part,
With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmleſs Heart,
Is *Phillis*, &c.
Whoſe Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
Whoſe Skin is like the cleareſt Snow,
Whoſe Face like——nothing that I know
Is *Phillis*, &c.

But reſt my Soul, and bleſs your Fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece ſo neat,
So juſt, exact, and ſo complear,
As *Phillis*, as *Phillis*, as lovely *Phillis*.
Proud of their Hit, in ſuch a Flow'r,
Which ſo exemplifies their Power,
Will guard, in ev'ry dangerous Hour,
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

SONG

SONG CLVII.

HOW ſweet are the Flowers? how lovely the Spring?
How gaudy the Pride of the Grove?
How wanton the Air is? the Birds how they ſing?
And chirrup, and chirrup, ſoft Meaſures of Love!
And chirrup, and chirrup, ſoft Meaſures of Love!
Yet not of themſelves the gay Beauties can pleaſe,
We only can taſte when the Heart is at Eaſe,
We only can taſte when the Heart is at Eaſe.

The Flowers wou'd wither, the Spring have an End,
The Pride of the Grove wou'd decay;
The Air wou'd be noxious, the Birds but offend,
If my Parent, my King, were away:
If my Parent, *&c.*
For not of themſelves the vain Pageants can pleaſe,
We only can taſte when the Heart is at Eaſe,
We only can taſte when the Heart is at Eaſe.

SONG CLVIII.

COLLIN and *PHOEBE.*

HE.

BE ſtill, O ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,
'Tis *Phœbe* invites and replies to my Strains:
The Sun never roſe on, ſearch all the World thro',
A Shepherd ſo bleſt, or a Fair One ſo true,
A Shepherd ſo bleſt, or a Fair One ſo true.

SHE.

Glide ſoftly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me throng
'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens my Song:
Search all the World over, you never can find
A Maiden ſo bleſt, or a Shepherd ſo kind,
A Maiden ſo bleſt, *&c.*

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to the Year,
The ſweeteſt of Bleſſings that Life can endear;
Our Pleaſures it heightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day,
Gives Joy to the Night, &c.

HE.

With *Phœbe* beſide me, all Nature looks gay,
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleaſant as *May*;
The Summer's gay Verdure ſtill ſprings as ſhe treads,
And Linnets and Nightingales ſing thro' the Meads,
And Linnets, *&c.*

SHE.

When *Collin* is abſent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sunſhine? how barren the Ground?
Inſtead of the Linnet's and Nightingale's Song,
I hear the hoarſe Raven croak all the Day long,
I hear the hoarſe Raven, *&c.*

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

HE.

O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my *Phœbe* and I
Together will wander, and Love ſhall be by:
Her *Collin* ſhall guard her ſafe all the long Day,
And *Phœbe* at Night all his Pains ſhall repay,
And *Phœbe*, &c.

SHE.

By Moon-light when Shadows glide over the Plain,
His Kiſſes ſhall chear me, his Arms ſhall ſuſtain;
The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,
And ſleep in a Church-Yard if *Collin* is near,
And ſleep, *&c.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

HE.

Ye Shepherds that wanton it over the Plain,
How fleeting your Tranſports! how laſting your Pain!
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind She,
And learn to be happy from *Phœbe* and me,
And learn, &c.

SHE.

Ye Nymphs, who the Pleaſures of Love never try'd,
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your Guide;
Your Hearts keep from Pride and Inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Collin* and me,
And learn, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives Light to the Year,
The ſweeteſt of Bleſſings that Life can endear;
Our Pleaſures it heightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day,
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

SONG CLIX.

TOO plain, dear Youth, theſe tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's ſake, let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

But

But could your Arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a Maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you?

Say, would you uſe that very Pow'r
You from her Fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A Life of ſpotleſs Fame?

Reſolve not then to do an Ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt Skill
To ſave me than betray.

Be you yourſelf my Virtue's Guard,
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a Task for me too hard,
To ſtrive with Love and you.

SONG CLX.

YE good Fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's Claret good Store,
Attend to the Call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted,
With ſix Bottles more:
Be ſure you don't paſs
The good Houſe *Money Glaſs*,
Which the jolly red God ſo peculiarly owns;
'Twill well ſuit your Humour,
For pray what wou'd you more,
Than Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire *Jones*?

Ye

Ye Lovers, who pine
For Laſſes that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For Lillies and Roſes,
With Eyes, Lips, and Noſes,
Or Tip of an Ear:
Come hither, I'll ſhow you
How *Phillis* and *Chloe*
No more ſhall occaſion ſuch Sighs and ſuch Groans:
For what Mortal ſo ſtupid
As not to quit *Cupid*,
When call'd by good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire *Jones*?

Ye Poets, who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd *Helicon*'s Brook,
Tho' all you get by't
Is a Dinner oft-times,
In Reward of your Rhymes,
With *Humphry* the Duke;
Learn *Bacchus* to follow,
And quit your *Apollo*,
Forſake all the *Muſes*, thoſe ſenſeleſs old Crones;
Our gingling of Glaſſes
Your rhyming ſurpaſſes,
When crown'd with good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout,
With Plenty of Oaths, tho' no Plenty of Coin,
Who make ſuch a Rout
Of all your Commanders
Who ſerv'd us in *Flanders*,
And eke at the *Boyne*:
Come leave off your rattling
Of ſieging and battling,

And

And know you'd much better to ſleep in whole Bones;
Were you ſent to *Gibraltar*,
Your Note you'd ſoon alter,
And wiſh for good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye Clergy ſo wiſe,
Who Myſt'ries profound can demonſtrate moſt clear,
How worthy to riſe!
You preach once a Week,
But your Tythes never ſeek
Above once in a Year:
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainſt Biſhops providing for dull ſtupid Drones;
Says the Text ſo divine,
What is Life without Wine?
Then away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye Lawyers ſo juſt,
Be the Cauſe what it will, who ſo learnedly plead,
How worthy of Truſt!
You know Black from White,
Yet prefer Wrong to Right,
As you chance to be fee'd:
Leave muſty Reports,
And forſake the K—— Courts,
Where Dulneſs and Diſcord have ſet up their Thrones;
Burn *Salkeld* and *Ventris*,
With all your d—— Entries,
And away with the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye phyſical Tribe,
Whoſe Knowledge conſiſts in hard Words and Grimace,
Whene'er you preſcribe
Have at your Devotion
Pills, Bolus, or Potion,
Be what will the Caſe:

Pray

Pray were is the Need
To purge, bliſter, and bleed?
When ailing yourſelves the whole Faculty owns,
That the Forms of old *Galen*
Are not ſo prevailing
As Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers, 'Squire *Jones*.

Ye Fox-Hunters eke,
That follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,
Who your Ladies forſake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the Brake
Where the Vermin is found:
Leave *Piper* and *Blueman*,
Shrill *Dutcheſs* and *Trueman*;
No Muſick is found in ſuch diſſonate Tones:
Wou'd you raviſh your Ears,
With the Songs of the Spheres,
Hark! away to the Claret, a Bumper, 'Squire *Jones*.

SONG CLXI.

THE blooming Damſel, whoſe Defence
Is adamantine Innocence,
Requires no Guardian to attend
Her Steps, for Modeſty's her Friend.
Tho' her fair Arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring Spear and maſſy Shield;
Yet ſafe from Force and Fraud combin'd,
She is an *Amazon* in Mind.

With this Artillery ſhe goes
Not only 'mongſt the harmleſs Beaux,
But ev'n unhurt and undiſmay'd,
Views the long Sword and fierce Cockade.
Tho' all a Syren as ſhe talks,
And all a Goddeſs as ſhe walks;
Yet Decency each Motion guides,
And Wiſdom o'er her Tongue preſides.

Place

Place her in *Ruſſia*'s ſhow'ry Plains,
Where a perpetual Winter reigns;
The Elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd Mind will never change.
Place her, Ambition, in thy Tow'rs,
'Mongſt the more dangerous golden Show'rs;
Ev'n there ſhe'd ſpurn the venal Tribe,
And fold her Arms againſt the Bribe.

Leave her defenceleſs and alone,
A Priſ'ner in the *Torrid Zone*,
The Sunſhine there might vainly vie
With the bright Luſtre of her Eye;
But *Phœbus'* ſelf with all his Fire,
Could ne'er one unchaſte Thought inſpire;
But Virtue's Path ſhe'd ſtill purſue,
And ſtill, ye Fair, would copy you.

SONG CLXII.

WHEN *Sappho* ſtruck the quiv'ring Lyre,
The throbbing Breaſt was all on Fire:
But when ſhe rais'd the vocal Lay,
The captive Soul was charm'd away!

But had the Nymph, poſſeſs'd with theſe,
Thy ſofter, chaſter Pow'r to pleaſe;
Thy beauteous Air of ſprightly Youth,
Thy native Smiles of artleſs Truth;

The Worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forſaken, love-ſick Maid;
Nor had ſhe mourn'd an hapleſs Flame,
Nor daſh'd on Rocks her tender Frame.

SONG CLXIII.

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul:
Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul:

Vaſt

Vaſt as my Thirſt is, let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;
I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I deſign to bury it there.

Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me;
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongſt the Stars.
Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
~~Large as my capacious Soul.~~

SONG CLXIV.

WHEN *Britain* firſt, at Heav'n's Command,
Aroſe from out the azure Main,
This was the Charter of the Land,
And guardian Angels ſung the Strain:
Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

The Nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their Turns to Tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

Should War, ſhould Faction ſhake thy Iſle,
And ſink to Poverty and Shame;
Heav'n ſtill ſhall on *Britannia* ſmile,
Reſtore her Wealth, and raiſe her Name.
Rule Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

As the loud Blaſt, that tears thy Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak;
Thus more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More foreign, from domeſtic Stroke.

Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

How bleſt the Prince, reſerv'd by Fate,
In adverſe Days to mount thy Throne!
Renew thy once triumphant State,
And on thy Grandeur build his own!
Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

His Race ſhall long, in Times to come,
So Heav'n ordains, thy Sceptre wield,
Rever'd Abroad, belov'd at Home,
And be at once thy Sword and Shield.
Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*;
Britons *never will be Slaves.*

SONG CLXV.

BUSY, curious, thirſty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldſt thou ſip and ſip it up:
Make the moſt of Life you may,
Life is ſhort and wears away,
Life is ſhort and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Haſt'ning quick to their Decline;
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to Threeſcore;
Threeſcore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one,
Will appear as ſhort as one.

SONG CLXVI.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiſs,
Salute a Virgin's Hand:
Go, ſenſeleſs Thing, and reap a Bliſs,
Thou canſt not underſtand.

Go,

Go, for in thee methinks I find,
  Tho' its not half ſo bright,
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
  By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou mayſt touch the Fair,
  Whom few ſecurely can;
Mayſt preſs her Breaſt, her Lips, her Hair,
  And wanton with her Fan.

Mayſt Coach it with her to and fro
  From Maſquerades and Plays;
O cou'dſt thou hither come and go,
  To tell me what ſhe ſays.

Go, Kid, and when the Morning's Cold
  Shall nib her lilly Arm,
Do thou, O! might I be ſo bold,
  With Kiſſes make it warm.

And when thy gloſſy Beauty's o'er,
  And all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
  Then e'er I yet have done.

SONG CLXVII

WHAT Med'cine can ſoften the Boſom's keen Smart?
What *Lethe* can baniſh the Pain?
What Cure can be met with to ſooth the fond Heart,
  That's broke by a faithleſs young Swain?

In Hopes to forget him how vainly I try,
  The Sports of the Wake and the Green;
When *Collin* is dancing, I ſay with a Sigh,
  'Twas here firſt my *Damon* was ſeen.

When to the pale Moon the ſoft Nightingales moan
In Accents ſo piercing and clear;
You ſing not ſo ſweetly, I cry with a Groan,
As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples ſhall ſhade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon Grove;
For there, to her Coſt, was poor *Laura* betray'd,
And *Damon* pretended to love.

SONG CLXVIII.

YE Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly miſguides, and Infirmities vex;
Whoſe Lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,
Who riſe without Joy, and lie down without Reſt:
Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Old Maids ſhall forget what they wiſh'd for in vain,
And young Ones the Rover they cannot regain;
The Rake ſhall forget how laſt Night he was cloy'd,
And *Chloe* again be with Paſſion enjoy'd.
Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife, at one Draught, may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
The troubled in Mind ſhall go chearful away,
And Yeſterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day.
Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

SONG CLXIX.

YOU ſay at your Feet that I wept in Deſpair,
And vow'd that no Angel was ever ſo fair:
How could you believe all the Nonſenſe I ſpoke?
What know we of Angels?——I meant it in joke.

I next

I next ſtand indited for ſwearing to love,
And nothing but Death ſhould my Paſſion remove:
I have lik'd you a Twelvemonth, a Calendar Year,
And not yet contented——have Conſcience, my Dear.

SONG CLXX.

THIS verdant Green was once my Pride,
In calmer Hours my bleſt Retreat,
Where Love and *Collin* did reſide;
'Twas *Collin*'s Preſence made it ſweet.
'Twas *Collin* gave the beaut'ous Bloom;
I ſimply thought it all your own;
Convinc'd, I now can ſee the Gloom
O'er-ſpread each Flow'r, now he is gone.

I thought my Heart by Nature gay,
When *Collin* was the only Cauſe;
'Twas he inſpir'd each tuneful Lay,
My Mirth but waited his Applauſe:
Of all Delights he was the Source;
With him, the Hours wing'd away;
The envious Sun, with rapid Force,
Made me regret the ſhort'n'd Day.

His Abſence now can lengthen Time;
Dull, tedious Moments ſeem as Years;
Th' exulting Sun, that gilds the Stream,
Stands ſtill, to ſcorn and mock my Tears.
At Eve the Dew lends her kind Aid
To Flow'rs, who drooping does recline;
Like me, they bend their mournful Head,
And ſeem to mingle Grief with mine.

SONG CLXXI.

YE Medley of Mortals that make up this Throng,
Spare your Wit for a Moment, and liſt' to my Song;

What

What you would not expect here my Wit ſhall be new;
And, what is more ſtrange, ev'ry Word ſhall be true.
Sing tantararara Truth all, Truth all,
Sing tantararara Truth all,

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine;
Bring your Laſſes to me, and you'll ſave all your Coin;
The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill,
For, if they will hear me—their Tongues muſt lie ſtill.
Sing tantararara mute all, &c.

Tho' our Revels are ſcorn'd by the Grave and the Wiſe,
Yet they practiſe all Day, what they ſeem to deſpiſe;
Examine Mankind from the Great to the Small,
Each Mortal's diſguis'd, and the World is a Ball.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The Parſon, brimful of *October* and Grace,
With a long taper Pipe, and a round ruddy Face,
Will rail at our Doings, but when it is dark,
The Doctor's diſguis'd, and led home by the Clark.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring Blade, with long Sword and cock'd Hat,
Who with Zounds he did this, and with 'Sblood he'll do that;
When he comes to his Trial he fails in his Part,
And proves that his Looks were but Masks to his Heart.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

The Beau acts the Rake, and will talk of Amours,
Shews Letters from Wives, and Appointments from Whores:
But a Creature ſo modeſt avoids all Diſgrace,
For how would he bluſh, ſhould he meet Face to Face?
Sing tantararara Masks, &c.

The

The Courtiers and Patriots, 'mongſt other fine Things,
Will talk of their Country, and love to their Kings;
Yet their Masks will drop off, if you ſhake but the Pelf,
And ſhew King and Country all center'd in ſelf.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

With an Outſide of Virtue Miſs *Squeamiſh*, the Prude,
If you touch her, ſhe faints; if you ſpeak, you are rude:
Thus ſhe's prim and ſhe's coy, till her Bloſſoms are gone;
And, when mellow, ſhe's pluck'd by the Coachman or *John*.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

With a grave Mask of Wiſdon, ſay Phyſick and Law,
In your Caſe there's no Fear, in your Cauſe there's no Flaw;
'Till Death and the Judge have decreed, they look big;
Then you find you have truſted—a full-bottom Wig.
Sing tantararara Masks all, &c.

Thus Life is no more than a Round of Deceit;
Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat:
But if, O ye Mortals, theſe Tricks ye purſue,
You at laſt cheat yourſelves—and the Devil cheats you.
Sing tantararara Masks all, Masks all,
Sing tantararara Masks all.

SONG CLXXII.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you ſuggeſt
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt
Or lov'd a fairer She:
Wou'd you, with Eaſe, at once be cur'd
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If

If then you think that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
  You've Reaſon for your Fears?
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty and my Love,
  How needleſs are your Tears!

If in my Way I ſhou'd, by Chance,
Give or receive a wanton Glance,
  I like but while I view:
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
  Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
  And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice of all the meets;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets
  He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I, my Fancy to employ
In each Variety of Joy
  From Nymph to Nymph do roam,
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
  For *Chloe*'s ſtill my Home.

SONG CLXXIII.

WITH artful Voice, young *Thirſis*, you
  In vain perſuade me you are true,
Since that can never be;
For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine
  Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs, fickle, wav'ring Loon,
That changes oftner than the Moon,

Courts

Courts each new Face he meets,
Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet ſlily calls the bluſhing Roſe
His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So, *Thirſis*, when in wanton Play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a Kiſs;
It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
A ſickly Appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial Bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving Swain,
Tho' ſeemingly you hug your Chain,
Wou'd fain, I know, get free,
To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bow'r to Bow'r inceſſant rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing your Heart,
Let it admit no other Dart,
But reſt with me alone;
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

SONG CLXXIV.

AT the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the Pangs of Ambition or Love had ne'er felt;
A few ſober Maxims ſtill ran in her Head,
That 'twas better to earn e'er ſhe eat her brown Bread;
That to riſe with the Lark was conducive to Health,
And to Folks in a Cottage Contentment was Wealth.

Young *Roger* that liv'd in the Valley below,
Who at Church and at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
Wou'd

Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And reſt on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale;
'Till his winning Behaviour ſo wrought on her Heart,
That quite artleſs herſelf ſhe ſuſpected no Art.

He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And wou'd lie with the Grandeur and Air of a Lord;
Her Eyes he commended with Language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the Tortures he felt in his Breaſt:
With his Sighs and his Tears he ſo ſoften'd her Mind,
That in downright Compaſſion to Love ſhe inclin'd.

But as ſoon as he'd melted the Ice of her Breaſt,
The Heat of his Paſſion that Moment decreas'd;
And now he goes flaunting all over the Vale,
And boaſts of his Conqueſt to *Richard* and *Hal*;
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in Haſte,
And whenever he mentions her, makes her his Jeſt.

Take heed, ye young Virgins of *Britain*'s fair Iſle,
How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a Smile;
For young *Cupid* is artful, and Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe *Roger* in every Vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their Skill;
But remember the Laſs at the Brow of the Hill.

SONG CLXXV.

WHAT *Cato* adviſes moſt certainly wiſe is,
Not always to labour, but ſometimes to play,
To mingle ſweet Pleaſure with Search after Treaſure,
Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day:
And while the dull Miſer eſteems himſelf wiſer,
His Bags to encreaſe while his Health does decay,
Our Souls we enlighten, our Fancies we brighten,
And paſs the long Ev'nings in Pleaſure away.

All

All chearful and hearty, we ſet aſide Party,
With ſome tender Fair the bright Bumper is crown'd;
Thus *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd:
See here's our Phyſician, we know no Ambition
But were there's good Wine and good Company found;
Thus happy together, in ſpite of all Weather,
'Tis Sunſhine and Summer with us the Year round.

SONG CLXXVI.

WHILST I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I ſue,
" Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
" *Cupid*, if you love me, do.

" Of a Thouſand Sweets bereave her,
" Rob her Neck, and Lips, and Eyes,
" The Remainder ſtill will leave her
" Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

" Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion
" Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move;
" More is Supererogation,
" Mere Idolatry of Love.

" You may dreſs a World of *Chloes*
" In the Beauties ſhe can ſpare;
" Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
" To your Altars, or the Fair."

" Fooliſh Mortal, pray be eaſy,
" Angry *Cupid* made reply;
" Do *Florella*'s Charms diſpleaſe you?
" Die then, fooliſh Mortal, die.

" Fancy

" Fancy not that I'll deprive her
" Of the captivating Store;
" Shepherd, no, I'd rather give her
" Twenty thouſand Beauties more.

" Were *Florella* proud and ſour,
" Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
" Juſtly then you'd pray that Pow'r
" Shou'd be taken from the Fair.

" But ſhou'd I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
" No Relief in that you'd find;
" Still, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her
" For the Beauties of her Mind."

SONG CLXXVII.

WHEN Love and Youth cannot make Way,
Nor with the Fair avail
To bend to *Cupid*'s gentle Sway,
What Art can then prevail?
What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell thee, *Strephon*, a Receipt
Of a moſt ſov'reign Pow'r;
If you the Stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden Shower,
Let drop, &c.

This Method try'd enamour'd *Jove*,
Before he could obtain
The cold regardleſs *Danae*'s Love,
Or conquer her Diſdain,
Or conquer, &c.

By *Cupid*'s ſelf I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart
So deep, as when he tips with Gold
The fatal piercing Dart,
The fatal piercing Dart.

SONG

SONG CLXXVIII.

DEAR *Collin*, prevent my warm Bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without Pain?
My Eyes have oft told you my Wiſhes;
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain?
My Paſſion would loſe by Expreſſion,
And you to might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why ſhould you expect it from me?
Our Wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
'Till you tell us what they ſhould be.
Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your Heart feel ſuch Tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my Boſom confine.

SONG CLXXIX.

DEAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man muſt needs look like a Fool;
For me, I would not give a Shilling
For one that can love out of Rule:
At leaſt you ſhould wait for our Offers,
Nor ſnatch like old Maids in Deſpair;
If you've liv'd 'till theſe Years without Proffers,
Your Sighs are now loſt in the Air.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs at your Bluſhing,
And not ſpeak the Matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and puſhing,
And yours to affect a Diſdain.

That you're in a terrible Taking,
By all your fond ogling I ſee;
But the Fruit that will fall without ſhaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CLXXX.

Florella, firſt in Charms and Wit,
In whoſe enchanting ſparkling Eyes
All the bright Soul's Perfections ſit,
And ſuch reſiſtleſs Magick lies:
Oh! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppoſe your *Damon* inſincere?

To all the Circles of the Fair,
That grace the Court, the Ball, the Play,
Let my lov'd doubting Nymph repair,
And ev'ry ſhining Form ſurvey;
And if ſhe meets her Equal there,
Conclude her *Damon* inſincere.

Or if my Fair ſhould chance to paſs
(What Art for Beauty's Uſe deſign'd)
The bright, unſullied, faithful Glaſs,
Itſelf an Emblem of her Mind;
Let her behold her Image there,
And own I can't be inſincere.

Let her ſurvey the roſy Bloom
O'er all the lovely Face confeſt,
And let her ſparkling Eyes aſſume
The Charms that rob my Soul of Reſt:
And then, to bleſs my raviſh'd Ear,
Confeſs I can't be inſincere.

SONG CLXXXI.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
Aw'd by a Thouſand tender Fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

Whene'er

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,
No other's Wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love?

If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt Friend,
That Inſtant Enemy I prove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt Spring or ſhady Grove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love?

When arm'd with inſolent Diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this is Love?

SONG CLXXXII.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treaſure,
Which in Fancy we poſſeſs;
In the Folly lies the Pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.

When we think, by Paſſion heated,
We a Goddeſs have in Chace,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at Eaſe.

But the Wretch, that would be knowing
What the Fair One would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

SONG CLXXXIII.

FROM all her fair loquacious Kind
So diff'rent is my *Roſalind*,
That not one Accent can I gain,
To crown my Hopes, or ſooth my Pain.

Ye Lovers, who can conſtrue Sighs,
And are th' Interpreters of Eyes,
To Language all her Looks tranſlate,
And in her Geſtures read my Fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind;
Adieu mean Hopes of being great,
And all the Littleneſs of State.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll deſpiſe,
That from Dependence take their Riſe;
To ſerve her ſhall be my Employ,
And Love's ſweet Agony my Joy.

SONG CLXXXIV.

WHAT beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
How cloſely yonder Vine
Does round that Elm's ſupporting Height
Her wanton Ringlets twine!
That Elm, no more a barren Shade,
Is with her Cluſters crown'd;
And that fair Vine, without its Aid,
Had crept along the Ground.

Let

Let this, my Fair One, move thy Heart,
Connubial Joys to prove:
But mark what Age and Care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on Love.
Know thy own Bliſs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
The youthful God that rules the Year,
And keeps the Groves from Harms.

While ſome with ſhort-liv'd Paſſions glow,
His Love remains the ſame;
On him alone thy Heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant Flame:
So ſhall no Froſt's untimely Pow'r
Deform the blooming Spring:
So ſhall thy Trees, from Blaſts ſecure,
Their wonted Tribute bring.

SONG CLXXXV.

BLOW, ye bleak Winds, around my Head,
And ſooth my Heart-corroding Care:
Flaſh round my Brows, ye Lightnings red,
And blaſt the Laurels planted there:
But may the Maid, where'er ſhe be,
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me,
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me.

Let all the Traces of our Love
Be ever blotted from her Mind;
May from her Breaſt my Vows remove,
And no Remembrance leave behind:
But may the Maid, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,
For ſhe has robb'd my Soul of Reſt!
Wiſdom's Aſſiſtance is too poor,
To calm the Tempeſt in my Breaſt:
But may the Maid, &c.

Come,

Come, Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep,
And with my Sorrows lay me low;
And ſhould the gentle Virgin weep,
Nor ſharp, nor laſting be her Woe:
But may ſhe think, where'er ſhe be,
No more of my Diſtreſs nor me,
No more of my Diſtreſs nor me.

SONG CLXXXVI.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring Dreams of Joy?
Monimia, give my Soul her wonted Reſt:
Since firſt thy Beauty fix'd my roving Eye,
Heart-gnawing Cares corrode my penſive Breaſt.

Let happy Lovers fly where Pleaſures call,
With feſtive Songs beguile the fleeting Hour;
Lead Beauty through the Mazes of the Ball,
Or preſs her wanton in Love's roſeate Bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled Mead,
Where Shepherds pipe, and Virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the Woodbine's fragrant Shade,
To hear the Muſick of the Grove reſound.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely Church, or dreary Cell,
Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring Taper blue;
Where Damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd Wall,
And ſheeted Ghoſts drink up the Midnight Dew.

There leagu'd with hopeleſs Anguiſh and Deſpair,
Awhile in Silence o'er my Fate repine;
Then, with a long Farewel to Love and Care,
To kindred Duſt my weary'd Limbs reſign.

Wilt thou, *Monimia*, ſhed a gracious Tear
On the cold Grave where all my Sorrows reſt?
Wilt thou ſtrew Flow'rs, applaud my Love ſincere,
And bid the Turf lie light upon my Breaſt?

SONG

SONG CLXXXVII.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careleſs Eaſe, from Tree to Tree,
Were not ſo bleſt as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream?
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught,
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fix'd upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does ev'ry Doubt controul,
And lovely *Nancy* ſtands confeſt
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love.

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign:
Oh! teach a young unpractis'd Heart
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mix'd with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet, whilſt the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh for leſs.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

THE brighteſt Bloom the Roſe diſplays,
When gilded by *Aurora*'s Rays,
The faireſt Lilly of the Fields,
Or cultivated Garden yields,
Are like the Sun by Clouds inclos'd,
When to *Clarinda*'s Charms oppos'd.

The *Cyprian* Goddeſs far leſs fair
Did riſing from the Waves appear,
When ev'ry gazing Eye admir'd,
And ev'ry throbbing Heart deſir'd:
She's but a Foil, nor can compare
For comely Preſence to the Fair.

The rural Nymph, that rules the Shade,
In Robes of Chaſtity array'd,
Is, for a Type of her bright Mind,
The neareſt Emblem I can find;
As fair a Form, as fair a Fame,
What was *Diana* is the Dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia*'s Truth,
Minerva's Wit, *Love*'s blooming Youth,
Great *Juno*'s Majeſty divine,
In her unparallel'd combine;
The Flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrs preſt,
Are Emblems of her fragrant Breaſt.

If ſuch a one can bleſs Mankind,
In Woman if Content we find,

Judge,

Judge, Lovers, judge what I enjoy ;
How great the Bliſs which ne'er can cloy !
Since, with a Smile, the Nymph will own
Her Heart's Affections are my own.

SONG CLXXXIX.

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady, kind Retreat ;
Where *Sylvan* Scenes, wide-ſpreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-ſtar's Heat ;
Where tufted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
Afford a rural calm Repoſe ;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays ;
His glaſſy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays :
His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with ſmiling Plenty ſwell ;
Where'er his purer Stream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide ;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently-rolling Tide.
Lay me, with Damask Roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſier's dusky Shade ;
Where Water-Lillies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refreſh the Glade.

Let chaſte *Clarinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly dreſt ;
Ye Nymphs, bind up her ſilken Hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breaſt.

O haſte

O haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG CXC.

BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON.

THO' *Baucis* and I were both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the Diſtreſs'd from our Door;
But ſtill of our Little, a Little can ſpare
To thoſe who, like us, Life's Infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good Friends, let us go in together,
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather:
Our Heart's they are great, tho' our Means are but ſmall;
You're heartily welcome, and that's beſt of all.

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a Jug of good Ale, and a good Barley Cake;
A good roaring Fire as high as your Noſe,
And a cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repoſe.

We know no Ambition, we have no Eſtate,
No Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate:
We earn what we ſpend, and we pay as we go;
It were not amiſs if the Rich would do ſo.

SONG CXCI.

STrephon, why that cloudy Forehead?
Why ſo vainly croſs'd thoſe Arms?
Silly Swain thy Aſpect horrid
Rather frightens her, than charms.

Rouſe

Rouſe each dull and drooping Spirit,
Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath;
Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret
Make thee Love and Raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this Juice prolific
To each Letter of her Name;
Bacchus deem'd it a Specific,
Why not Mortals do the ſame?

See the high-charg'd Goblet ſmiling,
Bids thee, *Strephon*, drink and prove,
Wine's the Liquor moſt beguiling;
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

SONG CXCII.

BENEATH the Weight of hapleſs Love,
How weak does ev'ry Effort prove,
When ſtruggling to get free!
In vain againſt the fatal Darts
The tender Soul its Force exerts,
And pants for Liberty.

Within the Maze abſtruſe we range,
And ſeek to find the bliſsful Change,
But ſtill within the Ring;
At length the toilſome Task reſign,
And wait 'till Beauty's Charms divine
Their pleaſing Solace bring.

Ah me! from whence aroſe that Pow'r
Which blights the ſweetly-blooming Flow'r
The Violet of Peace?
Oh! gentle Maid, why ſtings the Smart?
Why throbs my once ſo blithſome Heart,
With Pains that ſtill encreaſe?

Oh!

Oh! why did Heav'n to *Delia* give,
On whom my Soul muſt ever live,
Such Beauty to deſtroy?
Why rather gave it not the Maid
Thoſe Beauties which can never fade,
The Smile-diffuſing Joy?

How long, O cruel Maid, muſt I
Emit the Heart-depreſſing Sigh,
How long in Grief decline?
Shall thoſe dear Eyes no Pity ſhow
To him whoſe ſad increaſing Woe
Would pierce each Heart but thine?

Oh! lovely *Delia*, learn to prize
The Heart, whoſe Happineſs relies
And lives alone on thee:
Indulge one tender Thought, my Fair,
Oh! think on Sorrow, Grief, and Care,
And then you'll pity me.

But ſhould no feeling Senſe of Pain
Upon thy ſofter Minutes gain,
Nor touch thy cruel Breaſt;
To calmer Peace my Soul reſign'd
Shall bleſs thee, *Delia*, tho' unkind,
And die, and be at reſt.

SONG CXCIII.

BLOW on ye Winds, deſcend ſoft Rain,
To ſooth my tender Woes;
Your ſolemn Muſick lulls my Pain,
And gives me ſhort Repoſe.

The Sun that makes all Nature gay,
Diſturbs my weary'd Eyes;
And in dark Shades I waſte the Day,
Where Echo ſleeping lies.

Then

Then pity me, O gentle Love,
And come to my Relief;
Leſt Innocence and Virtue prove
A Sacrifice to Grief.

SONG CXCIV.

I Once ſaw *Cupid* in a Dream;
His Darts were tip'd with pointed Flame;
You ſleep, he cry'd, devoid of Care:
Nor languiſh yet for any Fair:

Look here, and love. With that he drew
Upon the Wall, full in my View,
A Maid with ſo divine a Face,
As ſeem'd of more than mortal Race.

He had laid the Colours with ſuch Art,
And gave to ev'ry moving Part
Such juſt Proportion, that the Whole
Seem'd more to have than want a Soul.

With Arrow's Point he limn'd an Eye,
By whoſe keen Rays might Thouſands die:
No Colours could have done ſo well,
Or Half their Warmth or Brightneſs tell.

I woke; and willing to obey,
E'er ſince confeſs fair *Chloe*'s Sway.
What Heart ſo cold, as having felt
Thoſe Flames her Eyes, and not to melt!

SONG CXCV.

THE Man that is drunk is void of all Care,
He needs neither *Parthian* Quiver nor Spear:
The Moor's poiſon'd Dart he ſcorns for to wield;
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demoliſhes Windows, and breaks open Doors;
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I rode out, with my Skin full of Wine,
Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun;
Affrighted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

No Monſter could put you to half ſo much Fear,
Should he in *Apulia*'s Foreſt appear;
In *Africa*'s Deſart there never was ſeen
A Monſter ſo hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine,
O'er hot burning Sands I'll ſwelter and ſweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sunſhine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound;
Even there I would nought but my Bottle require;
My Bottle ſhould warm me, and fill me with Fire.

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules;
Who minds them but dull philoſophical Fools?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to ſit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Ariſtotle* an Aſs for his Pain:
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk then the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern, with Liquor well ſtor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord:

My

My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I'll pay;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

SONG CXCVI.

AS ſoon as the Chaos was turn'd into Form,
And the firſt Race of Men knew a Good from a Harm,
They quickly did join,
In a Knowledge divine,
That the World's chiefeſt Bleſſings were Women and Wine:
Since when by Example, improving Delights,
Wine governs our Days, and Beauty our Nights.
Love on then and drink,
'Tis a Folly to think
On a Myſtery out of our reaches;
Be moral in Thought,
To be merry's no Fault,
Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches:
For never, my Friends,
Never, never, my Friends,
Never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
Than when Knaves would ſeem pious, and Fools would ſeem wiſe.

SONG CXCVII.

AMINTOR.

Paſtora's come, with Myrtle crown'd,
To bleſs her fond *Amintor*'s Side,
To bleſs her fond *Aminta*'s Side:
The Sun, in his extenſive Round,
Ne'er ſaw ſo ſweet, ſo fair a Bride,
Ne'er ſaw ſo ſweet, ſo fair a Bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true is ſweet and fair,
Paſtora with *Lucinda* vies,
Paſtora, &c.
And ſweeter ſhe than is the Air,
That fleets beneath *Arabian* Skies,
That fleers, &c.

AMINTOR.

The Fields and Groves, each Hill and Vale,
Have witneſs'd to my faithful Vow,
Have witneſs'd, &c.
Long had I ſigh'd my am'rous Tale,
But ev'ry Care's requited now,
But ev'ry, &c.

PASTORA.

Without a Bluſh I here repeat
What to the Nymphs I told before,
What to the Nymphs, &c.
For thee my tender Heart does beat,
Poſſeſs'd of thee I ask no more,
Poſſeſs'd of thee, &c.

AMINTOR.

Thus with this Wreath I crown thy Brows,
And with this Kiſs my Love I ſeal,
And with this Kiſs, &c.
And may I, when I break my Vows,
The Pangs of tortur'd Lovers feel,
The Pangs, &c.

PASTORA.

Should I, ungrateful to my Swain,
Afflict him with domeſtic Strife,
Afflict him with domeſtic Strife,
May I be driven from the Plain
By ev'ry virtuous Maid and Wife,
By ev'ry virtuous Maid and Wife.

SONG

SONG CXCVIII.

FLY ſwiftly, ye Minutes, 'till *Comus* receive
The nameleſs ſoft Tranſports that Beauty can give;
The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
And ſhe in return yield the Raptures of Love.

Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
All Grandeur inſipid, and Riches a Pain;
The moſt ſplendid Palace grows dark as the Grave:
Love and Wine give, ye Gods, or take back what ye gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' *Court repair;*
There Night outſhines the Day,
There yields the melting Fair.

SONG CXCIX.

JENNY.

STERN Winter has left us, the Trees are in Bloom;
And Cowſlips and Vi'lets the Meadows perfume;
While Kids are diſporting, and Birds fill the Spray,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*.

JOCKEY.

Among the young Lillies, my *Jenny*, I've ſtray'd,
Pinks, Daiſies, and Woodbines I bring to my Maid;
Here's Thyme ſweetly ſmelling, and Lavender gay,
A Poſey to form for my Queen of the *May*,
A Poſey to form, &c.

JENNY.

Ah! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile;
When ſeated with *Molly* laſt Night on the Stile,
You ſwore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the *May*,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, &c.

JOCKEY.

Young *Willy* is handſome in Shepherd's green Dreſs,
He gave you thoſe Ribbons that hang at your Breaſt,
Beſides three ſweet Kiſſes upon the new Hay;
Was that done like *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*?
Was that done like *Jenny*, &c.

JENNY.

This Garland of Roſes no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey*, falſe-hearted, his Paſſion denies;
Ye Flowers ſo blooming, this Inſtant decay,
For *Jenny*'s no longer the Queen of the *May*,
For *Jenny*'s no longer, *&c.*

JOCKEY.

Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong,
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song;
From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning of Day,
I ſing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*,
I ſing but of *Jenny*, &c.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with Tranſport I view,
My Fears are all vaniſh'd, ſince *Jockey* is true;
Then to our blythe Shepherds the News I'll convey,
That *Jenny* alone you've crown'd Queen of the *May*,
That *Jenny* alone, *&c.*

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near,
Avoid all Suſpicion, whate'er may appear;

Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd betray:
Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new *May*,
Then come, &c.

DUET.

Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near,
Avoid all Suſpicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd betray:
Then come, my dear *Jockey*, and hail the new *May*,
Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new *May*.

SONG CC.

THE Meads and the Groves in freſh Verdure ſhone gay,
And *Philomel* chaunted her love-labour'd Song,
When the Nymphs and the Swains in their brighteſt Array,
To chuſe a *May-Lady*, mov'd ſportive along.
Each Swain burſt with Ardour his Nymph to create,
And each Nymph with ſoft Glances faſt caught her fond Mate,
And each one impatiently waited her Fate.

How vain were their Wiſhes? *Maria* appear'd,
Like Beauty's fair Goddeſs encircled with *Love*;
With Graces attractive each Heart ſhe endear'd,
In Majeſty paſſing the Conſort of *Jove*:
The Swains round her moving glad Homage did pay;
The Nymphs, with wreath'd Garlands, no longer delay
To crown Beauty's Paragon Queen of the *May*.

SONG CCI.

YE Nymphs who know the pleaſing Smart,
The gentle-feeling Pains,
When Love informs the glowing Heart,
And darts along the Veins; Direct

Direct an unexperienc'd Fair,
To ſhun the ſoft, alluring Snare,
And conquer the Arts of her *Strephon.*

Screen'd from the Sun's too pow'rful Ray,
In yonder conſcious Shade,
He ſung a pity-moving Lay,
Of ſome too cruel Maid;
And, in the Language of mine Eyes,
He reads the Thoughts I wou'd diſguiſe:
Oh! what can I think of my *Strephon?*

The genial Spring adorns the Groves,
The Kids and Lambkins play;
The Warblers tell their little Loves,
On ev'ry blooming Spray:
He cry'd, "Can *Chloe* ſee all this,
"And not conſent to toy and kiſs?"
Oh! what can I think of my *Strephon?*

His Voice delights my liſt'ning Ear,
His graceful Mien mine Eye;
I bluſh when I behold him near,
Whene'er he's abſent ſigh:
Then an't I in a hopeful Way;
For ſure the Victor of the Day,
Will be th' all-conquering *Strephon!*

SONG CCII.

BRISK Wine makes us gay, and Beauty leads on,
'Tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty, 'tis Beauty leads on,
And with Pleaſure, with Pleaſure, with Pleaſure ſhall crown;
'Tis Beauty leads on, and with Pleaſure ſhall crown:
'Tis the ſparkling Champaign, ſhall heighten our Joy,
And the Raptures of Phillis, *that never can cloy.*

In

In Mirth and Delight we'll frolick and play,
And jovial, and jovial, we'll drink all the Day;
With *Bacchus* and *Cupid* we'll frolick and play,
With Cheeks red as Roſes, or Flowers in *May*.
'Tis the ſparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye Sons of dull Care, 'tis Woman and Wine,
Thoſe Bleſſings of Nature, and *Jove*'s Delights;
To Man they were given to ſooth the dull Mind:
Then drink and be chearful, give Grief to the Wind:
'Tis the ſparkling Champaign, ſhall heighten our Joy,
And the Raptures of Phillis, *that never can cloy.*

SONG CCIII.

WITH Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day,
And hie to my Woodland-Walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd ſoon,
And tie to my Forehead a wexing Moon:
I courſe the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chace the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks:
With Shouting, and Hooting, we pierce thro' the Sky,
And Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry.

SONG CCIV.

COME all ye young Lovers who wan with Deſpair,
Compoſe idle Sonnets, and ſigh for the Fair;
Who puff up their Pride by enhancing their Charms,
And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms:
Be wiſe by Example, take Pattern by me,
For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove *I'll be free*;
For let what will happen, by Jove *I'll be free.*

Young *Daphne* I ſaw, in the Net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as Cuſtom had taught;
I preſs'd

I preſs'd her to Bliſs, which ſhe granted full ſoon,
But the Date of my Paſſion expir'd with the Moon.
She vow'd ſhe was ruin'd, I ſaid it might be;
I'm ſorry, my Dear, but by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove *I'll be free*, &c.

The next was young *Phillis* as bright as the Morn,
The Love that I proffer'd ſhe treated with Scorn;
I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
That none could be handſome, but ſuch as were kind:
Her Pride and Ill-nature were loſt upon me,
For in ſpite of fair Faces, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove *I'll be free*, &c.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys,
Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noiſe:
Some chuſe to be hamper'd, 'tis ſure a ſtrange Rage,
And like Birds they ſing beſt, when they're put in a Cage:
Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me;
Let who will be Bondſlaves, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove *I'll be free*, &c.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glaſs,
In a Toaſt to the young and the beautiful Laſs,
Who, yielding and eaſy, preſcribes no dull Rule,
Nor thinks it a Wonder a Lover ſhould cool:
I'll bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the Bee,
For in ſpite of grave Leſſons, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By Jove *I'll be free*;
For in ſpite of grave Leſſons, by Jove *I'll be free.*

SONG CCV.

SELINDA ſure's the brighteſt Thing
That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air;
Mild are her Looks, like op'ning Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But

But then her Wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her Charms appear to lie,
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And ſtrike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxurioufly ſhe treats,
Our Ears are abſent from the Feaſt;
One Senſe is ſurfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or diſguſted are the reſt.

So have I ſeen with Aſpect bright,
And tawdry Pride, a Tulip ſwell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and inſipid to the Smell.

SONG CCVI.

GOddeſs of Eaſe, leave *Lethe*'s Brink,
Obſequious to the Muſe and me;
For once endure the Pain to think,
O ſweet Inſenſibility!
Siſter of Peace and Indolence,
Bring, Muſe, bring Numbers ſoft and ſlow,
Elaborately void of Senſe,
And ſweetly Thoughtleſs let them flow,
And ſweetly Thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near to ſome cowſlip-painted Mead,
There let me doze away dull Hours;
And under me let *Flora* ſpread
A Sofa of her ſofteſt Flowers;
Where, *Philomel*, your Notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighb'ring Pine,
While Murmurs of the Stream beneath
Still flow in Uniſon with thine,
Still flow &c.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the Woes
Of Life we patiently endure;
Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,
We ſhun thee but to make the ſure; For

For who would bear War's Toil and Waſte,
Or who the ~~thund'ring~~ *hoarſe roaring* of the Sea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
And find a pleaſing End in thee?
And find a pleaſing End in thee?

SONG CCVII.

FOR ever Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting Foe to Love?
And when we meet a mutual Heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us ſigh on from Day to Day,
And wiſh, and wiſh, the Soul away,
'Till Youth and genial Years are flown,
And all the Life of Life is gone?

But buſy, buſy, ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs Vow;
The Heart from Pleaſure to delude,
To join the Gentle to the Rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my Pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future Care;
All other Bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

SONG CCVIII.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;
So Faireſt, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sexes Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame,
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead as an empty Name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair Excuſe.

I then

I then did vulgar Joys purſue,
Variety was all my Bliſs;
But, ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptation as before;
If once I look, but to deſpiſe
Their Charms, and value yours the more:

May ſad Remorſe, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all, in loſing thee.

SONG CCIX.

EMerg'd from Winter's gloomy Scenes,
The infant Spring appears;
The Meadow, ſtrew'd with mingled Greens,
An early Beauty wears.
The bulbous Winter-ſleeping Root,
That late in Honours ſhed,
Proud to diſplay the earlieſt Shoot,
Peeps from the genial Bed.

Snow-drops, in Virgin pure Attire,
Their ſhame-fac'd Bloſſoms rear;
And humble Crocus' golden Fire
Adorns the gay Parterre.
On moſſy Banks in ſhelt'ring Bow'rs,
By mazy wand'ring Streams,
The ſweet-blown Primroſe ſheds her Flow'rs
To *Phœbus'* vernal Beams.

Hail, Source of Light! great Lamp of Day!
What Joys from thee ariſe!
Nature revives when thou art nigh,
If thou depart ſhe dies.
Groves, Woodlands, Hedge-row, budding Scene,
With warning Preludes ring;
All Nature breathes a Joy ſerene,
And hails the new-born Spring.

SONG CCX.

HOW bleſt has my Time been! what Days have I known,
Since Wedlock's ſoft Bondage made *Jeſſy* my own!
So joyful my Heart is, ſo eaſy my Chain,
That Freedom is taſteleſs, and Roving a Pain,
That Freedom is taſteleſs, and Roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks, grown with Woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and play;
How pleaſing their Sport is, the wanton Ones ſee,
And borrow their Looks from my *Jeſſy* and me,
And borrow their Looks, &c.

To try her ſweet Temper, oft' times am I ſeen
In Revels all Day, with the Nymphs on the Green;
Tho' painful my Abſence, my Doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,
And meets me at Night, &c.

What tho' on her Cheek the Roſe loſes its Hue,
Her Eaſe and good Humour bloom all the Year thro';
Time ſtill, as he flies, brings Increaſe to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he ſteals from her Youth,
And gives to her Mind, &c.

Ye Shepherds ſo gay, who make Love to inſnare,
And cheat, with falſe Vows, the too credulous Fair,
In Search of true Pleaſure how vainly you roam;
To hold it for Life, you muſt find it at Home,
To hold it for Life, you muſt find it at Home.

SONG CCXI.

COME, *Roſalind*, O come and ſee,
What Pleaſures are in Store for thee;
The Flowers in all their Sweets appear;
The Fields their gayeſt Liv'ries wear,
The Fields their gayeſt Liv'ries wear:
The joyful Birds in every Grove,
Now warble out their Songs of Love,
Now warble out their Songs of Love:

For

For thee they ſing, and Roſes bloom;
And *Collin*, thee, invites to come;
Invives to come:
Thy *Collin*, thee, invites to come.

Come, *Roſalind*, and *Collin* join;
My tender Flocks and all are thine:
If Love, and *Roſalind*, be here;
'Tis *May* and Pleaſure all the Year,
'Tis *May* and Pleaſure, &c.
Come, ſee a Cottage, and a Swain;
Thou can'ſt my Love nor Gifts diſdain,
Thou can'ſt my Love, &c.
Leave all behind, no longer ſtay;
For *Collin* calls, then haſte away;
Then haſte away;
For *Collin* calls, then haſte away.

SONG CCXII.

PASTORA, by ſome matchleſs Art,
First made me feel the Lover's Pain;
But ſoon my diſappointed Heart,
Like *Noah*'s Dove return'd again.

Another Reſting-place it ſought,
Intic'd by *Phœbe*'s ſprightly Mien;
And, like that wand'ring Bird, it brought
A certain Signal where 't had been.

But ſoon as *Emma* bleſt my Sight,
With all the Charms in Virtue's Store;
Like that ſame Dove it took it's Flight,
And, finding Reſt, return'd no more.

SONG CCXIII.

YE verdant Hills, ye balmy Vales,
Bear Witneſs of my Pains;
How oft' have *Shina*'s flow'ry Dales,
Been taught my am'rous Strains?

The

The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove,
Retain the Name of her I love.

In vain wou'd Age it's Ice beſpread,
To numb each gay Deſire;
Tho' ſeventy Winters hoar my Head,
My Heart is ſtill on Fire:
By moſſy Fount and Grot I rove,
And gently murmur Songs of Love.

O! ſweeteſt of thy lovely Race,
Unveil thy matchleſs Charms;
Let me adore that Angel's Face,
And die within thy Arms;
My ceaſeleſs Pangs thy Boſom move,
To grant the juſt Returns of Love.

SONG CCXIV.

AT ſetting Day and riſing Morn,
With Soul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy ſafe Return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll viſit oft' the Birchen Buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Green-Wood-Shaw, or Fountain;
Or where the Summer's Day I'd ſhare,
With thee, upon yon Mountain:
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
A Heart that cannot wander.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A Song called the Play of Love

The Play of Love is now begun
and that the Actors do go on.
Strephon enamour'd Courts the Fair
She hears him with a careless Air
And Smiles to find him in Love's Snare.

2

The 1st time play'd they meet again
Here Pity moves her for his Pain
Which She evades with some pretence
And thinks She may with Love dispence
But Smiles to hear a Man of Sense.

3

The third Approach her Lover makes
She Colours up when e'er he speaks
But with feigned Slights, still puts him by
And faintly Cryes She can't comply
Alth' She gives her heart the Lye.

4

Now the Plot rises, he seems shy
As if some other Fair he'd try
At which She swells with Spleen & Fear
Least some more Wise his Love should share
Which yet no Woman e'er could bear

5

The last Act now is wrought so high
That but it crowns the Lovers Joy
He does no more his Passion Stem
But strait into his Arms does run
The Curtain falls — the play is done.

BRITISH MUSEUM